



RIDE THRILLING WESTERN TRAILS WITH THE **VIGILANTE**



SUPERMAN

ACTION COMICS

JULY
NO. 182

10c

IT'S THE MOST
STARTLING EVENT
IN SUPERMAN'S
LIFE WHEN HE
BEHOLDS--

*"THE RETURN
OF PLANET
KRYPTON!"*

I--I THOUGHT MY
NATIVE PLANET, KRYPTON,
WAS DESTROYED, BUT
HERE IT IS--AND ITS
INHABITANTS ARE
SHOOTING AT ME!



Buzzy "Get a Box-Seat to NATURE'S WONDERS!"



HI, BUZZY. SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN DANNY, THE NEW KID WHO MOVED IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO?

YES-- HE'S OVER IN THE EMPTY LOT ON THE NEXT STREET. WHY DO YOU WANT HIM?



WE'RE GONNA ASK HIM TO JOIN OUR CLUB-- WE JUST VOTED ON HIM!

YEAH-- AND I THINK IT'S A MISTAKE! I STILL DON'T LIKE HIM! ALWAYS FOOLING AROUND WITH BIRDS AND NATURE AND STUFF LIKE THAT!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH STUDYING BIRDS AND NATURE, TOM? YOU CAN LEARN A LOT OF WONDERFUL THINGS THAT WAY, EVEN IN THE CITY, IF YOU TAKE THE TROUBLE TO LOOK.

NAAAA...



THERE'S DANNY NOW...

YEAH, LOOK AT HIM, SITTING THERE, WATCHING THAT SILLY OLD BIRD FLYING AROUND... SAY, WHAT'S THAT STUFF THE BIRD'S CARRYING IN ITS MOUTH?



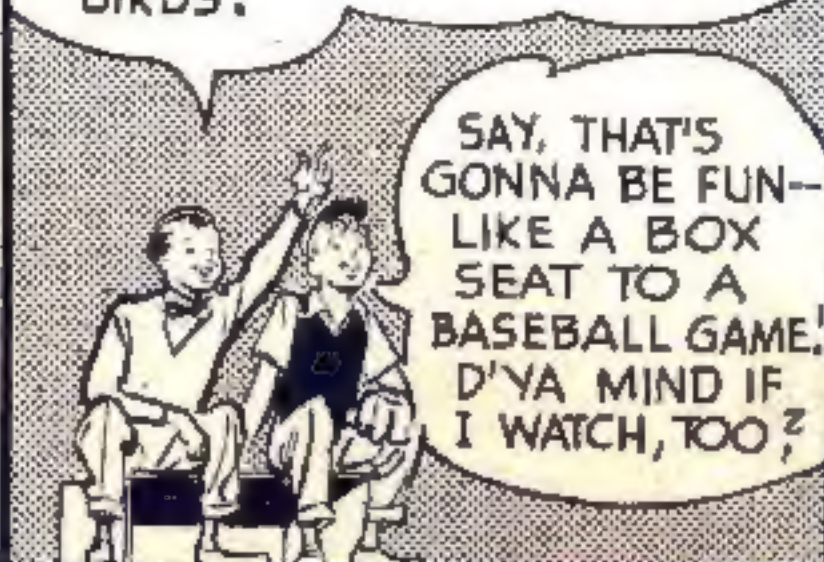
SOME TWIGS AND A PIECE OF STRING-- THAT'S HOW SHE BUILDS HER NEST, LITTLE BY LITTLE. SHE MIXES IT UP WITH MUD AND OTHER STUFF SHE FINDS AROUND...

NO KIDDING! GOLLY-- I DIDN'T KNOW JUST **HOW** BIRDS BUILD THEIR NESTS!... WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT?



WELL, AFTER SHE'S FINISHED HER NEST, AND THE EGGS ARE LAID AND HATCHED, WE CAN SEE, IF WE COME AROUND, HOW THE MOTHER AND FATHER GET FOOD AND FEED THE LITTLE BIRDS.

SAY, THAT'S GONNA BE FUN-- LIKE A BOX SEAT TO A BASEBALL GAME! D'YA MIND IF I WATCH, TOO?



LOOKS LIKE THE BEGINNING OF A FRIENDSHIP, EH, FOLKS? THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET TO STUDY AND UNDERSTAND THE THINGS AROUND YOU. YOU GET TO **KNOW** THEM AND LIKE THEM BETTER-- HUMAN BEINGS AS WELL AS NATURE!

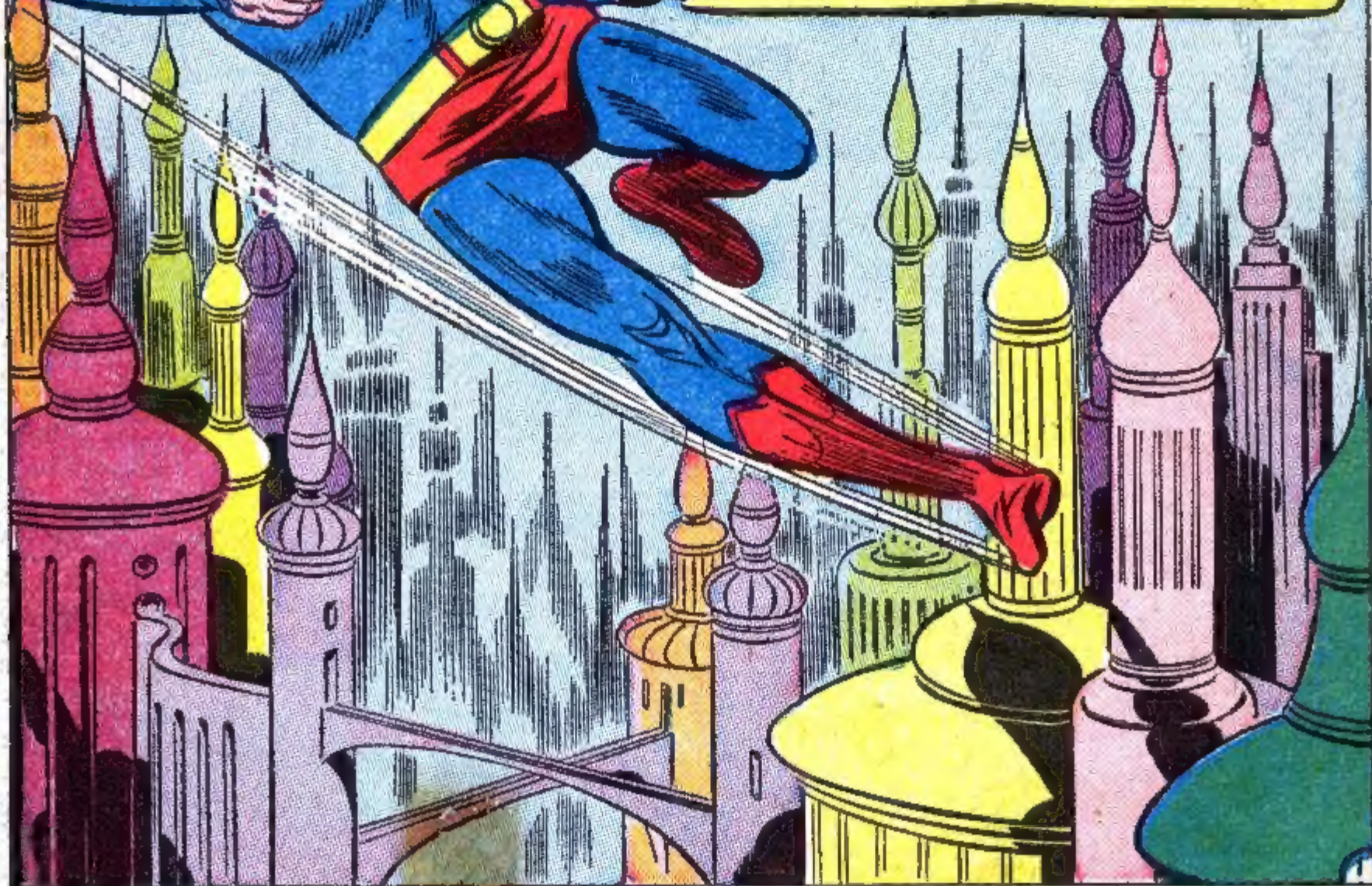


SUPERMAN

THIS **IS** KRYPTON, MY HOME PLANET! BUT THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE! KRYPTON EXPLODED TO ATOMS MANY YEARS AGO!

THOSE OF US FAMILIAR WITH THE ORIGIN OF SUPERMAN KNOW THAT HE CAME FROM THE PLANET KRYPTON, IN THE OUTER REACHES OF SPACE! SHORTLY AFTER SUPERMAN WAS SENT HURTLING INTO SPACE---AS A MERE BABY---IN THE SPACE-SHIP DESIGNED BY HIS FATHER, THE GREAT PLANET BLEW UP! ONLY WHIRLING DUST, AND SHATTERED FRAGMENTS NOW MARK THE SPOT WHERE MIGHTY KRYPTON ONCE WAS! BUT ONE DAY, IN THE HEAVENS, THERE APPEARS AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT! LIKE A GHOST FROM A CELESTIAL TOMB, A FAMILIAR PLANET SWINGS BACK INTO ITS ACCUSTOMED ORBIT! AND SUPERMAN SETS FORTH ON A STRANGE JOURNEY TO DISCOVER THE WEIRD SECRET OF...

"THE **RETURN** OF PLANET KRYPTON!"



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ONE DAY, AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST OBSERVATORY, AN ASTRONOMER WITNESSES A STARTLING SCENE...

A NEW PLANET, ENTERING OUR SOLAR SYSTEM! THIS IS THE NEWS OF THE CENTURY!



SINCE THEN THE NEW PLANET HAS MOVED CLOSER! AND WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO GET MUCH BETTER PICTURES OF IT! MAGNIFIED, THIS IS THE WAY IT APPEARS...

G-GOOD GLORY! IT DOES LOOK LIKE KRYPTON!



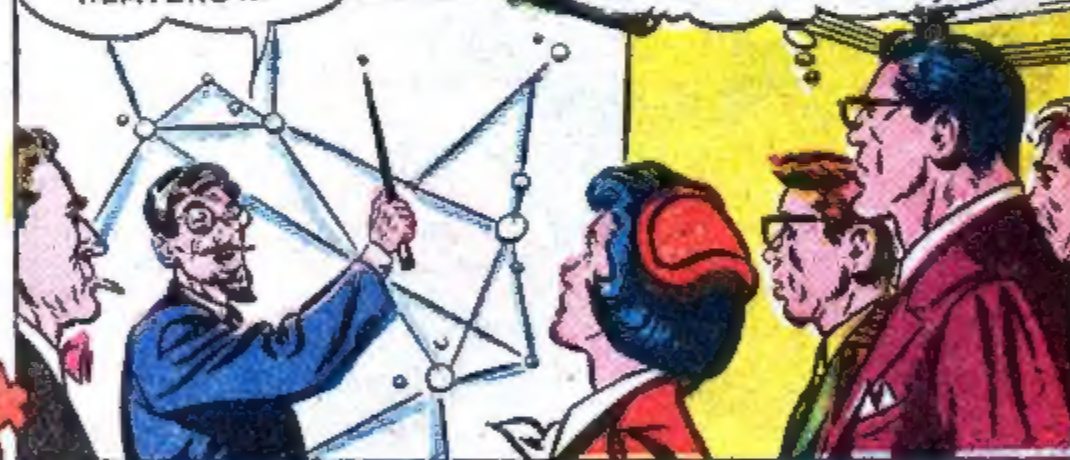
SOON, SCREAMING HEADLINES REPORT A FURTHER DISCOVERY!



CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE OF THE DAILY PLANET ARE AMONG THE MANY REPORTERS WHO FLOCK TO THE OBSERVATORY FOR THE FIRST OFFICIAL PRESS CONFERENCE...

HERE IS HOW THE NEW PLANET, WHICH MUST BE KRYPTON, WAS FIRST OBSERVED! WE SAW A BARELY DISCERNABLE SPECK OF LIGHT IN THE HEAVENS...

THERE'S NO PROOF THAT THE NEW PLANET IS KRYPTON! IT CAN'T BE! SINCE KRYPTON WAS DESTROYED IN A VAST EXPLOSION IN SPACE!



LATER, AS THE PRESS CONFERENCE ENDS, CLARK KENT SLIPS INTO AN UNOCCUPIED ROOM IN THE OBSERVATORY...

THE NEW PLANET IS FOLLOWING KRYPTON'S OLD ORBIT AROUND THE SUN! BUT IT CAN'T BE KRYPTON... AND THERE'S ONE WAY TO PROVE IT!



ROCKETING INTO SPACE AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT...

I'LL PAY THIS NEW PLANET A PERSONAL VISIT--- AS SUPERMAN!



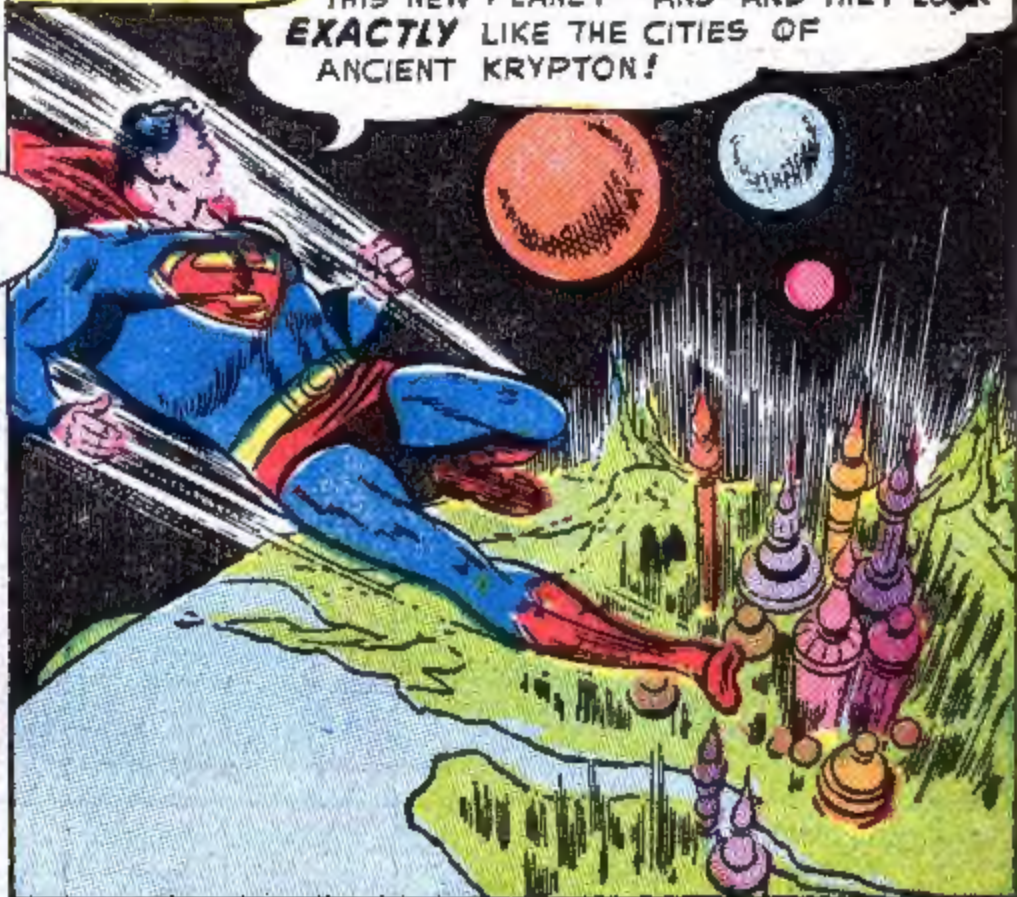
INTO THE SKY, THEN THROUGH THE DARK EMPTINESS OF SPACE---HURTLES THE FABULOUS MAN OF STEEL PAST MARS, JUPITER AND SATURN...

NO DANGER OF MY BEING OVERCOME---EVEN IF THAT NEW PLANET IS A SOLID MASS OF KRYPTONITE! I'M ONLY VULNERABLE TO FLOATING FRAGMENTS OF KRYPTONITE, WHICH WERE CHARGED ATOMICALLY WHEN KRYPTON EXPLODED!



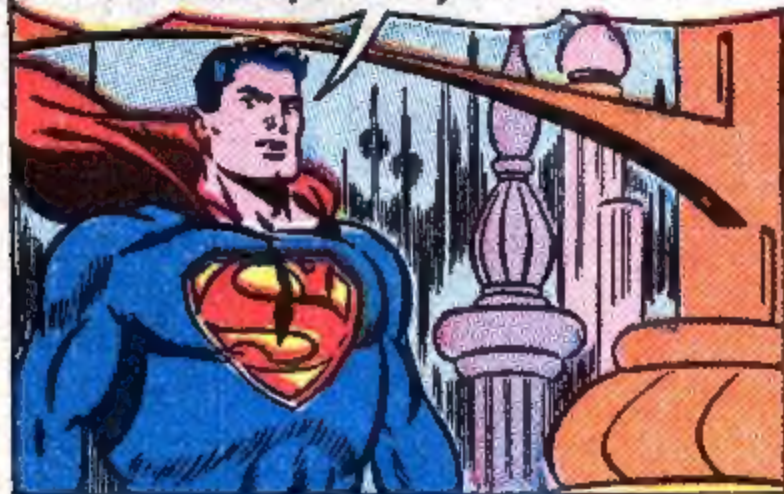
AND SOON...

GREAT SCOTT! THERE ARE CITIES ON THIS NEW PLANET---AND--AND THEY LOOK EXACTLY LIKE THE CITIES OF ANCIENT KRYPTON!



BEWILDERED, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN WALKS THROUGH STREETS THAT EVOKE HAUNTING MEMORIES...

TH--THIS IS KRYPTON! ONCE I TRAVELLED THROUGH THE TIME BARRIER INTO THE PAST AND SAW IT! THESE ARE THE VERY SCENES THAT MY FATHER, JOR-EL, ONCE LOOKED UPON!

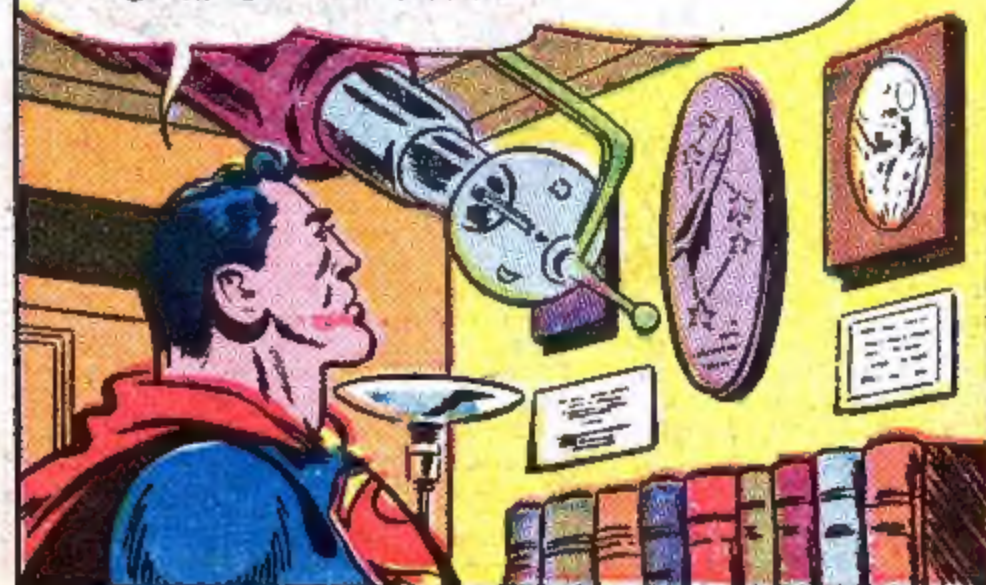


EVEN FURTHER SURPRISES AWAIT THE DAZZLED EYES OF SUPERMAN!

MY FATHER JOR-EL'S LABORATORY! IT WAS HERE, IN THE LAST FATAL HOURS OF KRYPTON'S LIFE, THAT HE COMPLETED THE SPACESHIP THAT SENT ME AWAY FROM THIS PLANET TO SAFETY!



A MEDAL---GIVEN TO MY FATHER BY THE KRYPTONIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY! YET THEY SCOFFED AT HIM WHEN HE PREDICTED THAT KRYPTON WOULD EXPLODE FROM GATHERING ATOMIC PRESSURE AT THE CORE OF THE PLANET!



WAS MY FATHER RIGHT? DID KRYPTON REALLY EXPLODE? I KNOW IT DID! YET HOW COULD KRYPTON STILL BE HERE, WITH EVERY STREET AND BUILDING STILL INTACT?



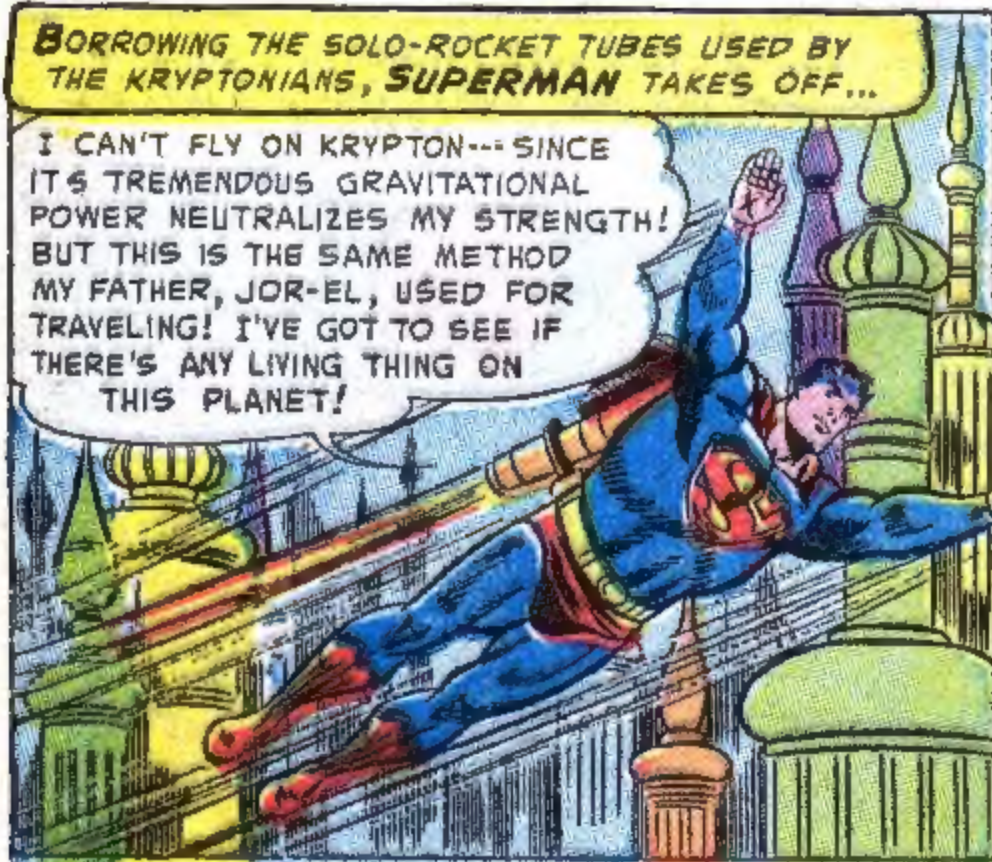
HERE, INDEED, IS A MYSTERY TO BAFFLE EVEN THE

TREMENDOUS INTELLECT OF SUPERMAN!

HOW COULD A PLANET LONG VANISHED INTO SPACE DUST SUDDENLY REAPPEAR EXACTLY AS IT HAD BEEN? WHAT IS THE EERIE MYSTERY BEHIND--- THE NEW KRYPTON?

BORROWING THE SOLO-ROCKET TUBES USED BY THE KRYPTONIANS, SUPERMAN TAKES OFF...

I CAN'T FLY ON KRYPTON--- SINCE ITS TREMENDOUS GRAVITATIONAL POWER NEUTRALIZES MY STRENGTH! BUT THIS IS THE SAME METHOD MY FATHER, JOR-EL, USED FOR TRAVELING! I'VE GOT TO SEE IF THERE'S ANY LIVING THING ON THIS PLANET!

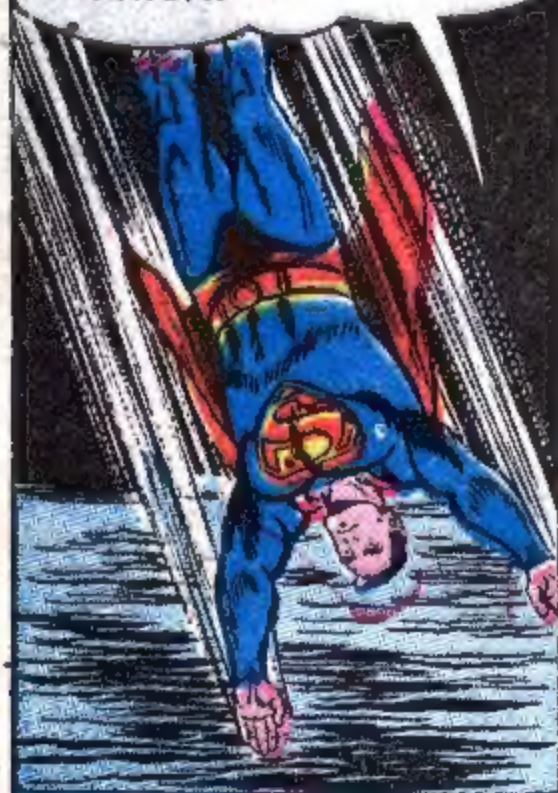


SOON...

AND, BECAUSE OF THE GREATER ATMOSPHERIC DENSITY ON THIS WORLD, I CAN'T (UGH) USE MY X-RAY VISION HERE EITHER! AND IT'S A LOT HARDER TO MOVE OBJECTS AROUND THAN IT WAS ON EARTH! HMM... THERE'S NO ONE INSIDE THIS MOUNTAIN CAVE!



I HAVEN'T SEEN A LIVING THING ON LAND! MAYBE I'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK---UNDER WATER!

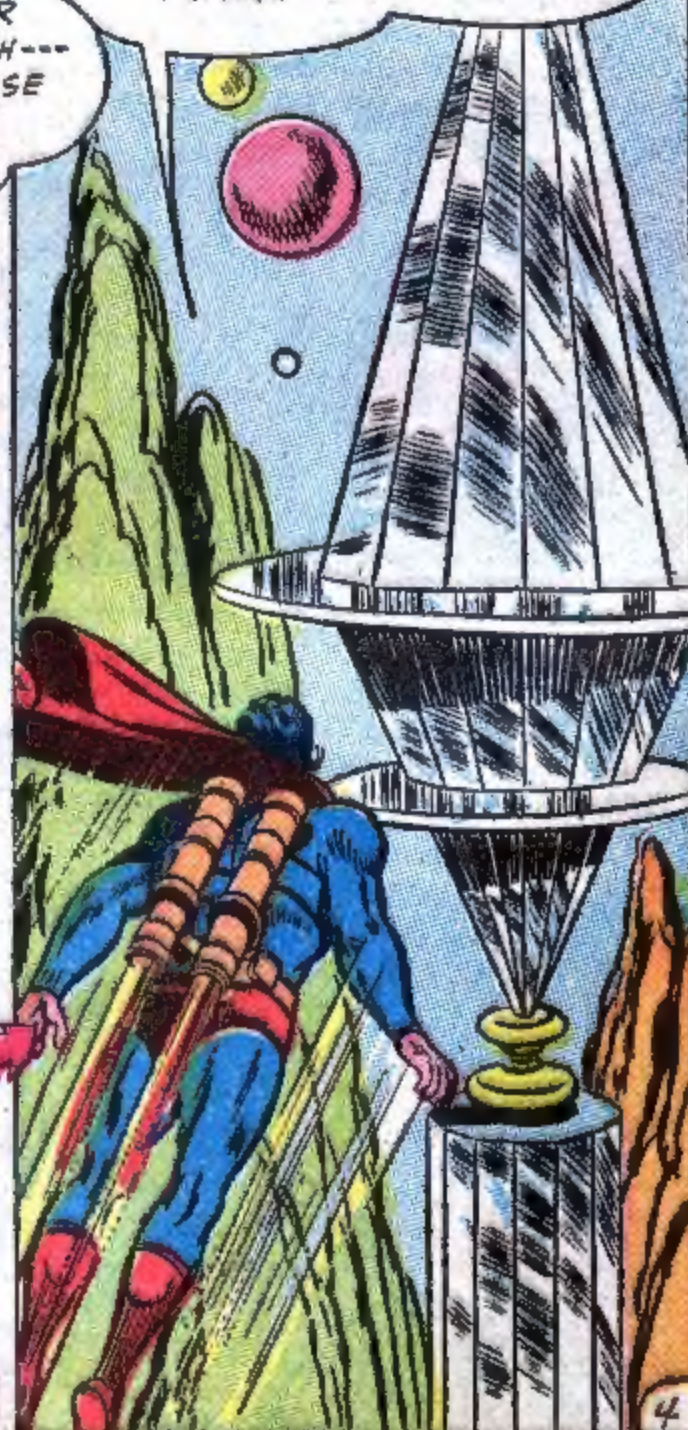


BUT A FEW MINUTES' SUBMERSION PROVES TO BE ALL THAT THE MAN OF STEEL CAN ENDURE!

I--I COULD STAY UNDER WATER ALMOST INDEFINITELY ON EARTH--- BUT NOT ON KRYPTON! BECAUSE OF THE GREATER EXERTION, I NEED MORE OXYGEN!

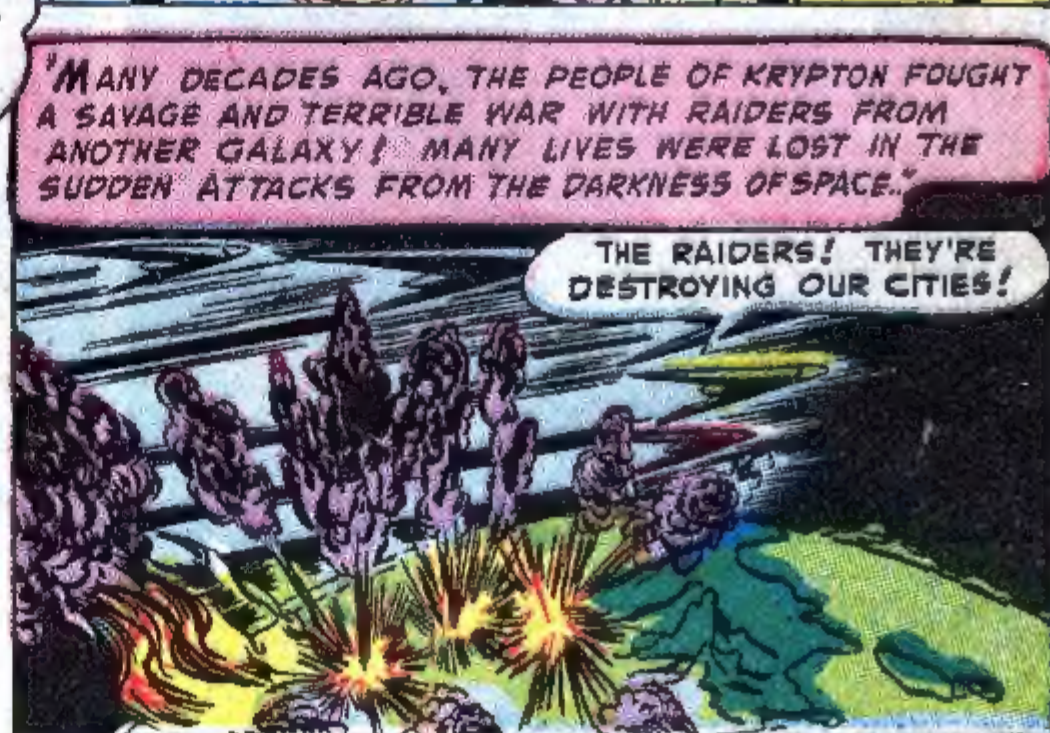


I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE WITH NO LUCK! THAT TOWER IS THE ONLY PLACE LEFT TO VISIT! A CURIOUS-LOOKING PLACE!



WHEW! THAT FRESH KRYPTONIAN AIR SMELLS GOOD! QUEER--- I DIDN'T FIND A LIVING THING IN THE WATER EITHER! HAS **ALL LIFE** DISAPPEARED FROM THIS PLANET?





"WHEN THE RAIDERS STRUCK AGAIN, THE PEOPLE OF KRYPTON BLACKED OUT THEIR PLANET, AND WHILE THE RAIDERS DROPPED THEIR BOMBS ON THE DUPLICATE KRYPTON..."

NOW'S THE TIME! OPEN FIRE ON THE RAIDERS!



THERE WAS TERRIFIC DESTRUCTION WROUGHT THAT DAY AGAINST THE RAIDERS' SPACE FLEET...

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! WE'VE BEEN BOMBING THE WRONG KRYPTON...



THAT WAS THE LAST ATTACK BY THE SPACE RAIDERS! SOMETIME LATER, WHEN KRYPTON EXPLODED, THE DUPLICATE PLANET WAS HURLED AWAY INTO SPACE BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION! AND THEN, GRADUALLY THE PULL OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM'S GRAVITATION BROUGHT IT BACK...

SO THAT EXPLAINS IT! BUT WHY ARE YOU HERE?



A FEW OF US WERE STATIONED ON THIS DUPLICATE KRYPTON TO MAINTAIN IT--IN THE EVENT OF A NEW INVASION! DRIVEN INTO SPACE BY THE EXPLOSION OF KRYPTON, WE RETREATED TO THE CENTRAL TOWER TO ESCAPE THE COLD OF INTERSTELLAR SPACE! THERE WE REMAINED--IN A STATE OF CATAPLEPSY--UNTIL A SHORT WHILE AGO!



AS SUPERMAN MINGLES WITH HIS NEW-FOUND FRIENDS AND FELLOWMEN...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

HOWEVER, SINCE THIS PLANET IS AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF KRYPTON, IT IS CERTAIN TO MEET WITH THE SAME FATE SOONER OR LATER...



IT--IT'S HAPPENING ALREADY! EXPLOSIONS INSIDE THE PLANET'S CORE! WE'RE DOOMED!

GREAT SCOTT!



EVENTUALLY THE VIBRATIONS STOP, BUT...

WE MUST ESCAPE AT ONCE! THERE IS ONE OTHER PLANET WHERE WE KNOW WE CAN LIVE--- **EARTH!** WE CAN CONQUER THE PRIMITIVE EARTH PEOPLE, AND RULE OVER THEM!

CONQUER THEM? I CANNOT PERMIT THAT... BUT I FEEL SURE THAT EARTH PEOPLE WILL WELCOME YOU AS FRIENDS!

YOUR LOYALTY IS TO KRYPTON, **SUPERMAN!** NOT EARTH!

WE CANNOT BE FRIENDS WITH WEAKLINGS... PEOPLE WHO ARE OUR INFERIORS!

WE **MUST** MAKE THEM OUR SLAVES!



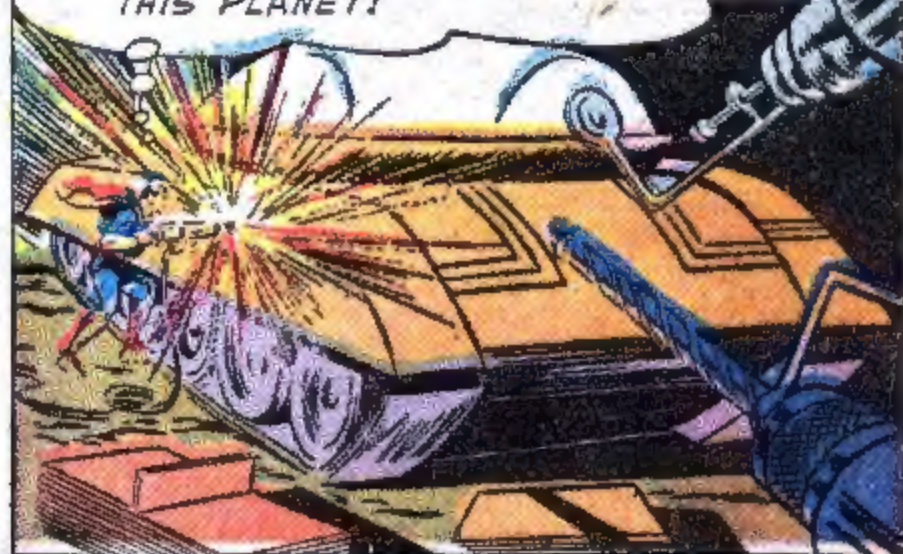
PRESENTLY...

SO YOU WILL NOT NEED US, **SUPERMAN!** WELL, YOU CANNOT PREVENT US FROM CONQUERING EARTH! THEIR PRIMITIVE DEFENSES CANNOT STAND AGAINST OUR WEAPONS!

EARTH IS NOT AS BACKWARD AS YOU THINK! LET ME **PROVE** IT TO YOU! I'LL BUILD A TANK I DEFY YOU TO DESTROY!

WITH THE AID OF ADVANCED KRYPTONIAN TOOLS, SUPERMAN LABORIOUSLY CONSTRUCTS A MONSTER TANK...

I COULD HAVE WELDED THIS TANK TOGETHER IN A FEW SECONDS ON EARTH! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THESE FUTURISTIC TOOLS, I'D PROBABLY NEVER BE ABLE TO DO THE JOB ON THIS PLANET!



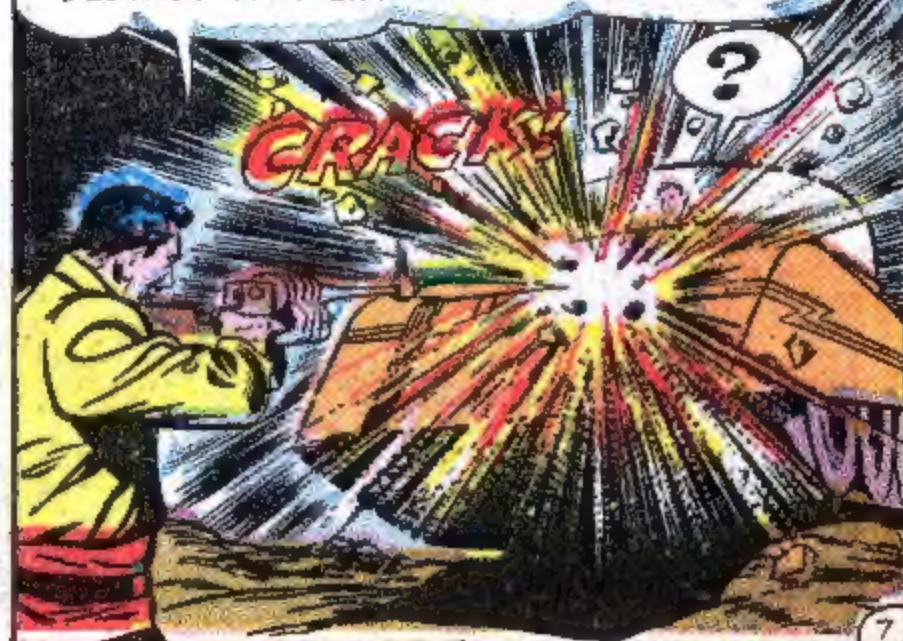
NOW FOR THE TEST! ACTUALLY, THIS TANK IS MUCH STRONGER THAN ANYTHING KNOWN ON EARTH! IT WILL HELP TO CHANGE THESE KRYPTONIANS' VIEWS ABOUT EARTH'S ABILITY TO DEFEND ITSELF!

CLOSE ENOUGH NOW...



A GREEN CARTRIDGE LEAPS FROM THE NOZZLE OF THE STRANGE GAMMA GUN, AND EXPLODES INTO SEARING, DESTROYING ENERGY!

SO **SUPERMAN** THINKS HE IS SAFE INSIDE THAT EARTH-TYPE TANK, HA-HA! ONE BLAST WILL DESTROY THAT UNWIELDY APPARATUS!



THE NEXT INSTANT...

EEYOW!



SECONDS LATER, NOTHING REMAINS BUT SHATTERED DEBRIS AMID WHICH A ONCE-MIGHTY FIGURE LIES STUNNED...



IS THIS POSSIBLE? SUPERMAN--THE MAN OF STEEL---ACTUALLY HURT AND DAZED?

I... UH... MY SHOULDER! IT--IT PAINS...

WE MEANT NO HARM TO YOU! TAKE HIM TO A PLACE WHERE HE CAN REST WHILE WE TREAT HIS INJURIES!



YES! IF YOU'RE DETERMINED TO GO AHEAD WITH YOUR PLAN TO CONQUER EARTH, I--I CAN'T STOP YOU!

BUT YOU MAY PREVENT BLOODSHED! YOU ARE RESPECTED AS EARTH'S MIGHTIEST DEFENDER! WHEN YOU TELL THEM THEIR CAUSE IS HOPELESS, THEY WILL BELIEVE YOU---AND SURRENDER PEACEABLY!



NEVER HAS HISTORY SEEN A STRANGER SIGHT THAN THIS! THE MIGHTIEST MAN THE WORLD HAS KNOWN, SUPERMAN, THOUSANDS OF TIMES PROVEN INVULNERABLE TO EVERY KNOWN FORM OF WEAPON--- NOW EXPERIENCES FOR THE FIRST TIME THE MEANING OF PAIN...

OW-- MY SHOULDER! I THINK I TWISTED IT...

YOU HAVE MANY BRUISES--- BUT NO SERIOUS HURTS! THESE HEALING BALMS WILL SOON HAVE YOU WELL AGAIN! ARE YOU CONVINCED NOW THAT EARTH IS DEFENSELESS AGAINST US?



AND SO...

THIS IS OUR TELEPLANETARY PROJECTOR! WITH IT, YOU CAN PROJECT A COMBINED SOUND-LIGHT WAVE ACROSS SPACE TO EARTH!

I--I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SENDING A MESSAGE LIKE THIS!



SOON AFTERWARD, ON EARTH...

PEOPLE OF EARTH! THIS IS SUPERMAN SPEAKING...

LOOK!

IN EVERY KNOWN LANGUAGE, REACHING EVERY HAMLET AND CITY, SUPERMAN'S MESSAGE OF DOOM IS PROJECTED TO SHOCKED EARTHMEN...

... AND SO, YOU HAVE NO CHANCE AGAINST THE INVADERS! TO RESIST MEANS RUIN---THE ANNIHILATION OF ALL HUMAN LIFE ON EARTH!

AND BACK ON THE DUPLICATE KRYPTON...

IT---IT'S DONE! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS IN THE REST OF MY LIFE, I'LL NEVER PERFORM A MORE DIFFICULT TASK!

YOU'RE NOT QUITE FINISHED, SUPERMAN! INFORM THE PEOPLE OF EARTH THAT WE MUST HAVE THEIR ANSWER WITHIN FOURTEEN GALACTIC UNITS OF TIME!

"FOURTEEN GALACTIC UNITS!" THAT'S NOT HOW TIME WAS MEASURED ON KRYPTON! IN FACT, THAT METHOD OF KEEPING TIME ISN'T USED ANYWHERE IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM!

I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

"GALACTIC UNITS" COULD ONLY BE USED BY BEINGS FROM ANOTHER GALAXY--- WHO, ACCORDING TO EINSTEIN'S THEORY, WOULD HAVE A DIFFERENT **RELATIVE** TIME THAN OUR OWN! THIS TIME-PIECE PROVES IT-- IT MEASURES THE MOVEMENT OF WHOLE CONSTELLATIONS IN SPACE!

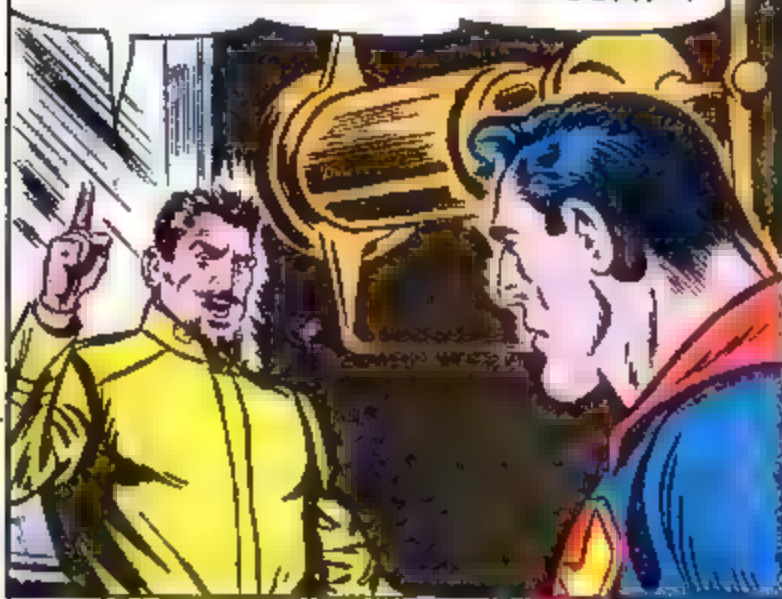
MOMENTS LATER...

WE ARE **NOT** FROM KRYPTON AT ALL! WE ARE THE SPACE RAIDERS WHOM YOUR ANCESTORS ONCE FEARED! OUR SMALL SEARCHING PARTY WAS EXPLORING THIS DUPLICATE PLANET WHEN YOU ARRIVED!

WHY DID YOU TRICK ME INTO SENDING THAT MESSAGE TO EARTH?

HE'S DISCOVERED OUR SECRET! SEIZE HIM!

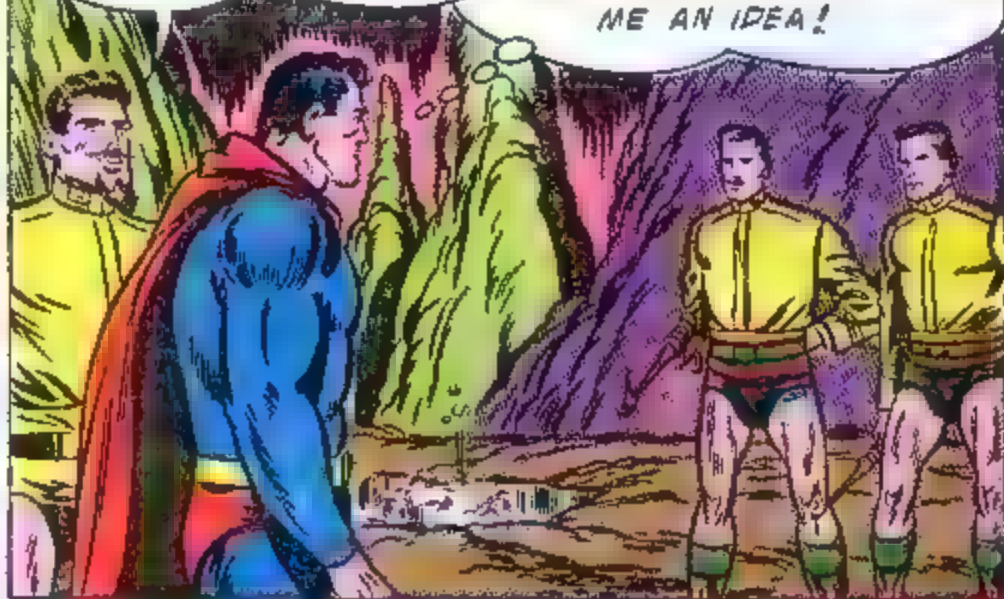
OUR NUMBERS HAVE GROWN SMALL DURING CONSTANT WARS! WE NOW SEEK TO CONQUER--- WITHOUT SACRIFICING ANY OF OUR MEN! YOU HELPED US TO PERSUADE EARTH TO SURRENDER PEACEABLY. BUT YOUR REWARD SHALL BE **DEATH!**



AT SUNRISE, **SUPERMAN** IS LED OUT TO FACE HIS DOOM...

HAVE YOU ANY LAST REQUEST, **SUPERMAN**?

THEIR GAMMA RAYS CAN KILL ME! I'VE HAD PROOF ENOUGH OF THAT! HMM! THAT BUBBLING POOL GIVES ME AN IDEA!

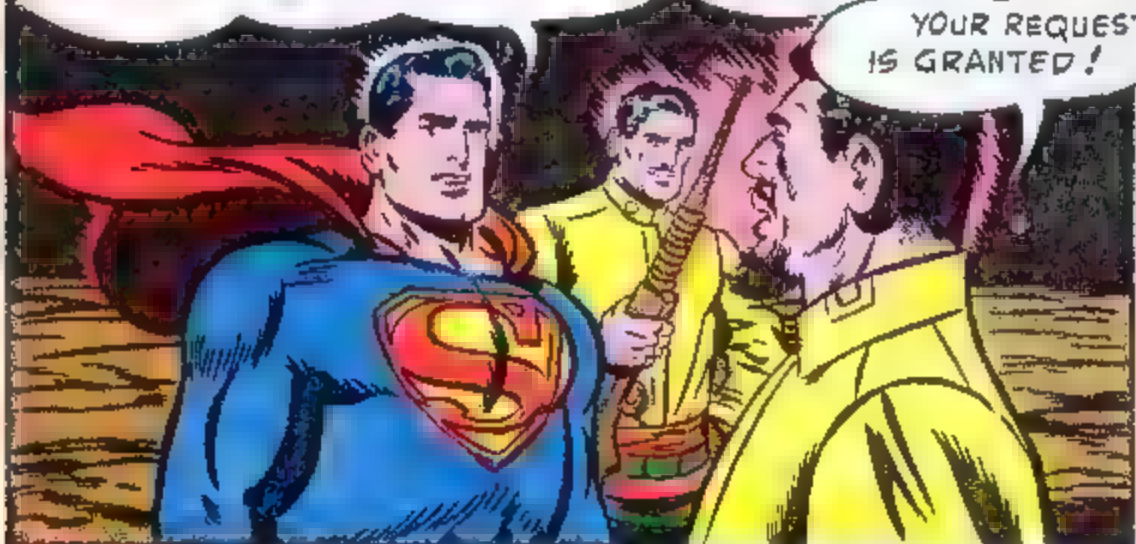


AND THEN **SUPERMAN** MAKES AN ODD REQUEST...

I WOULD LIKE TO WASH MY HANDS AND FACE! ALL I WANT IS A BAR OF SOAP--- AND A FEW MINUTES AT YONDER POOL!

FEAR OF DEATH MUST HAVE DRIVEN HIM MAD! BUT I CAN AFFORD TO HUMOR HIM!

YOUR REQUEST IS GRANTED!



STOOPING BESIDE A BUBBLING POOL, **SUPERMAN** PRETENDS TO WASH HIMSELF--- BUT LETS THE BAR OF SOAP FALL INTO THE WATER...

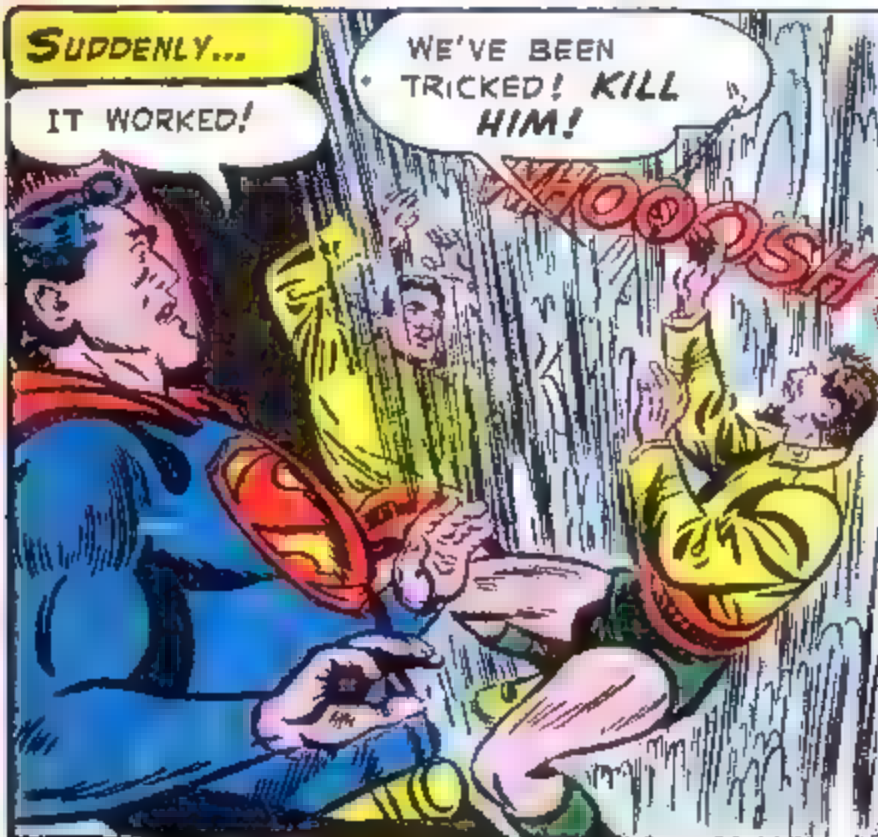
THIS BUBBLING POOL MEANS THERE'S A GEYSER BENEATH! AND IT'S A SCIENTIFIC FACT THAT SOAP WILL CAUSE A CHEMICAL REACTION THAT WILL MAKE A GEYSER ERUPT!



SUDDENLY...

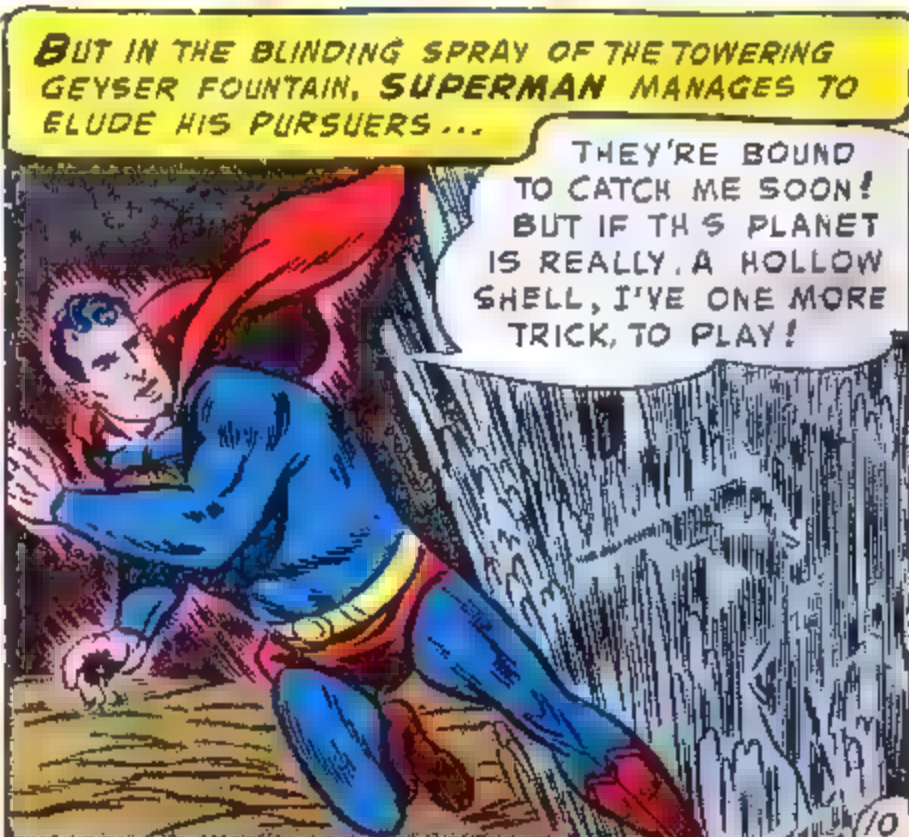
IT WORKED!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! KILL HIM!



BUT IN THE BLINDING SPRAY OF THE TOWERING GEYSER FOUNTAIN, **SUPERMAN** MANAGES TO ELUDE HIS PURSUERS...

THEY'RE BOUND TO CATCH ME SOON! BUT IF THIS PLANET IS REALLY A HOLLOW SHELL, I'VE ONE MORE TRICK TO PLAY!

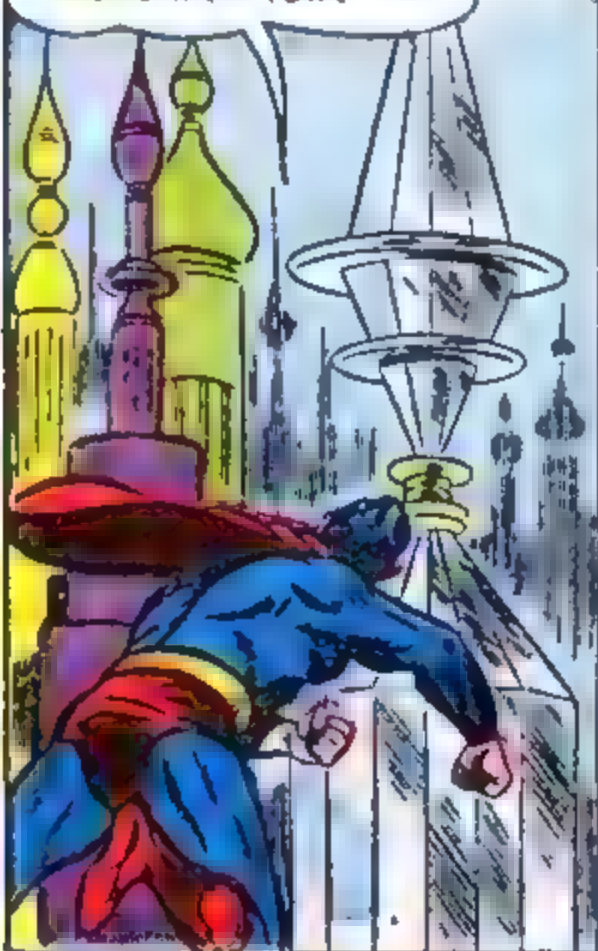




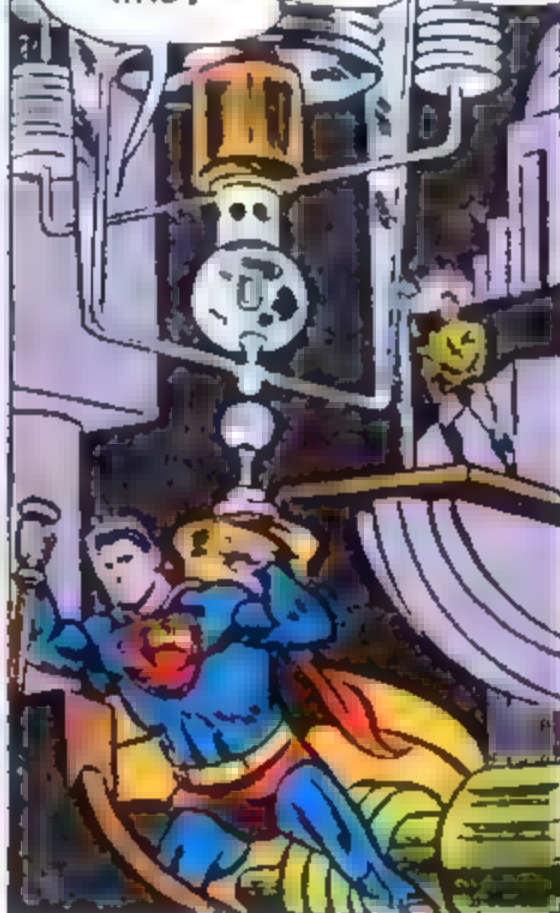
ACTION COMICS



THAT RUMBLE I HEARD BEFORE WASN'T AN EXPLOSION! IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE SHIFTING GEARS OF GIANT GRAVITATIONAL MACHINERY! AND THE CONTROLS COULD BE INSIDE THAT TOWER -- THE ONLY BUILDING THAT WASN'T ON THE REAL KRYPTON!

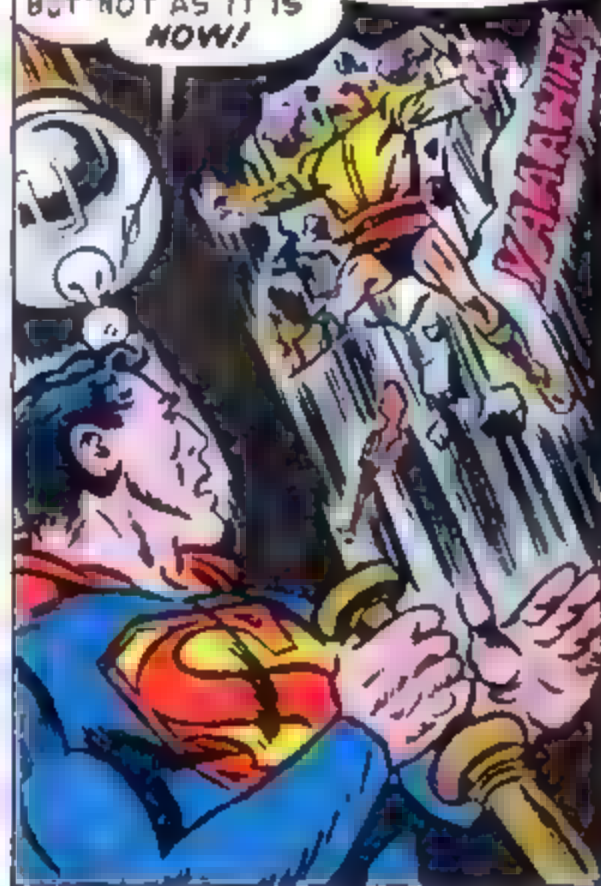


JUST AS I THOUGHT! SINCE THE DUPLICATE KRYPTON IS ONLY A HOLLOW SHELL, THESE MACHINES MAKE ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY! THEY CREATE A MAGNETIC FIELD WITH THE SAME GRAVITATIONAL PULL THAT THE REAL KRYPTON HAD!



AS THE MAN OF STEEL PULLS THE SWITCH TO BREAK THE MAGNETIC FIELD OF ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY...

HE MUST HAVE BEEN WEARING A GRAVITY BELT TO HELP HIM ADJUST TO THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL AS IT WAS -- BUT NOT AS IT IS NOW!



ROCKETING HELPLESSLY INTO SPACE, SOME OF THE SPACE RAIDERS FIND DOOM IN THE EMPTY VOID...



BUT OTHERS MANAGE TO READJUST THEIR GRAVITY BELTS IN TIME TO KEEP THEIR FOOTING ON THE HOLLOW SHELL OF THE DUPLICATE KRYPTON...

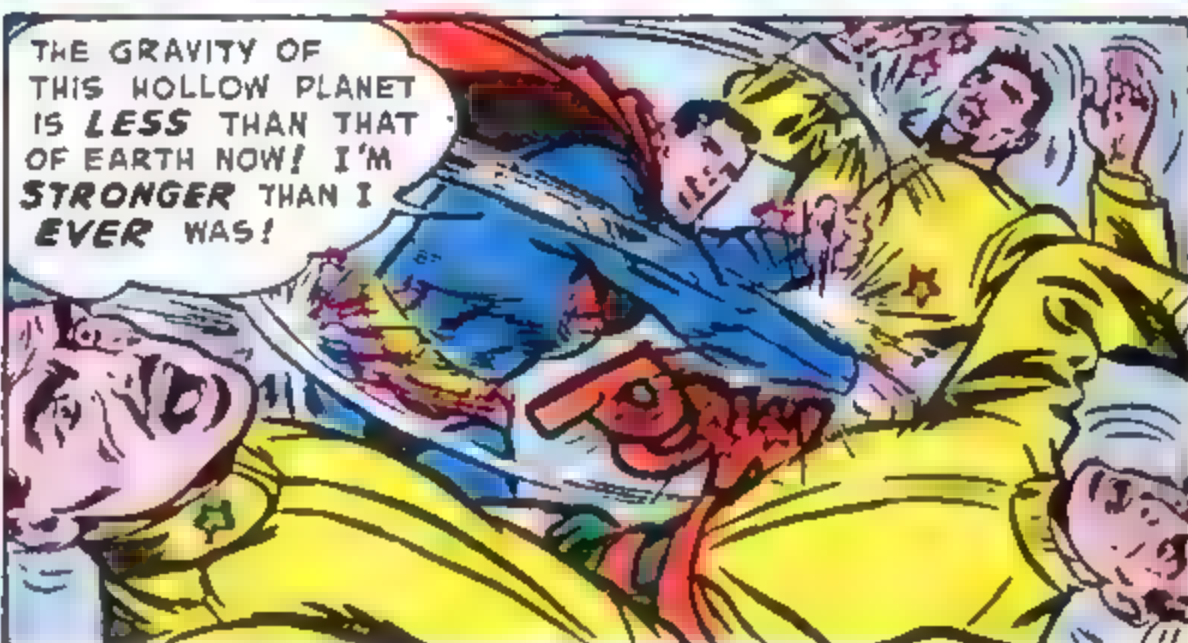
THE FOOL RACES TO MEET HIS OWN DEATH!

EEEEEE! THE GAMMA GUNS DON'T STOP HIM!

OF COURSE NOT...



THE GRAVITY OF THIS HOLLOW PLANET IS LESS THAN THAT OF EARTH NOW! I'M STRONGER THAN I EVER WAS!



BEATEN, THE SPACE RAIDERS
RETREAT TO THEIR CONCEALED
SPACESHIP...

INTO THE SHIP!
QUICKLY! WE ARE
NO MATCH FOR
HIM NOW!

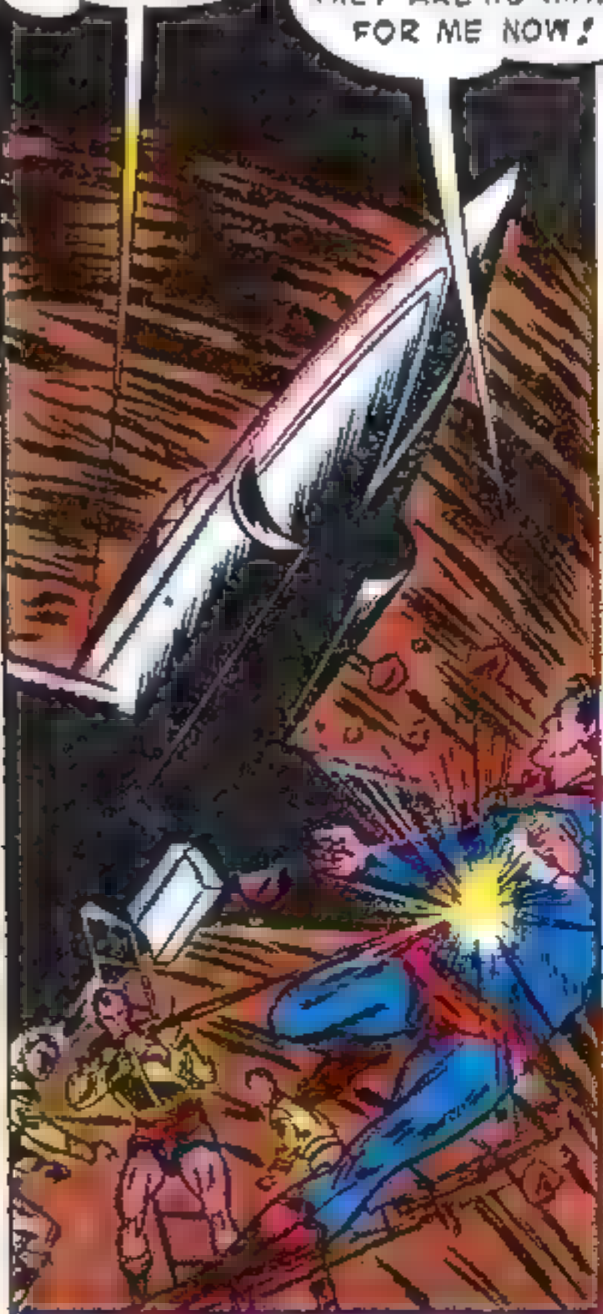
THOSE GRAVITY
BELTS CANCELLED
THE EFFECT OF
GRAVITY ON
THEIR BODIES!
THEY ARE NO MATCH
FOR ME NOW!

QUICKLY, GIANT ROCKET TUBES
FLARE, AND THE SPACESHIP
ROARS FROM ITS HIDING PLACE!

GREAT SCOTT! THE FORCE
WAVES CREATED BY THE
TAKE-OFF ARE
TREMENDOUS!

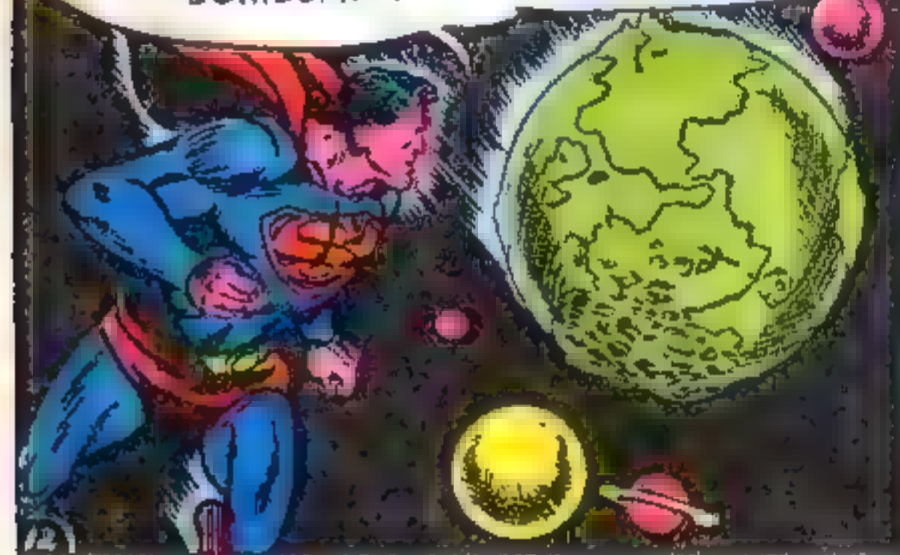
WITH COSMIC SPEED, THE RAIDERS'
SHIP RACES OUT INTO SPACE ---
TOWARD UNAVOIDABLE CATASTROPHE.

UGH! THEIR TAKE-OFF SPEED
WAS CALCULATED TO BREAK
FREE OF A DENSE PLANET-LIKE
KRYPTON! SPEEDING AWAY
FROM THAT HOLLOW PLANET
SHELL, THEY WERE TRAVELING
MUCH TOO FAST TO AVOID
THAT COLLISION!



LATER, SUPERMAN HURTTLES BACK TOWARD THE
FAR-DISTANT EARTH...

SOMEHOW, I'M GLAD THERE'S A REPLICA
OF THE PLANET WHERE I WAS BORN! GOOD-
BYE, KRYPTON! I'LL BE BACK ---
SOMEDAY...



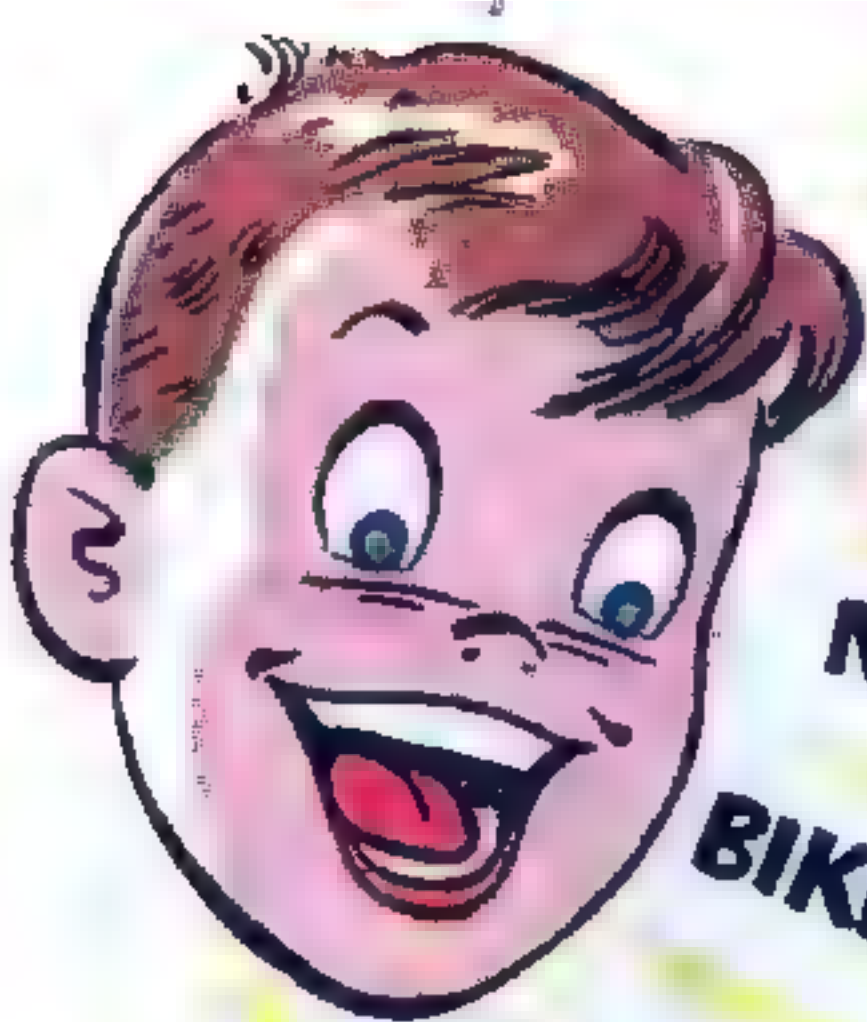
AND STILL LATER, BACK ON EARTH...

SUPERMAN ANNOUNCED THAT
THERE ISN'T ANY DANGER OF
INVASION AFTER ALL, CLARK!
THE SPACE RAIDERS WERE
DESTROYED! ISN'T IT WONDER-
FUL? BUT I ALWAYS KNEW
SUPERMAN WOULDN'T
FAIL US...

THEN LOIS WAS
MORE CONFIDENT
THAN SUPERMAN.
I HOPE NO
ONE ON EARTH
EVER FINDS
OUT HOW CLOSE
A CALL IT
REALLY WAS!



THE
END



WOW!

NOTHING BEATS THIS BIKE FOR SPEED—OR LOOKS!

Full mattress-type
saddle

Roomy
saddlebag

Front-and-rear
handbrakes

3-speed gear shift

Generator headlight
and tail light

Fenders finished
in sparkling chrome!

**IT'S ANOTHER
BIG SCHWINN FAVORITE
OF BOYS AND GIRLS EVERYWHERE!**

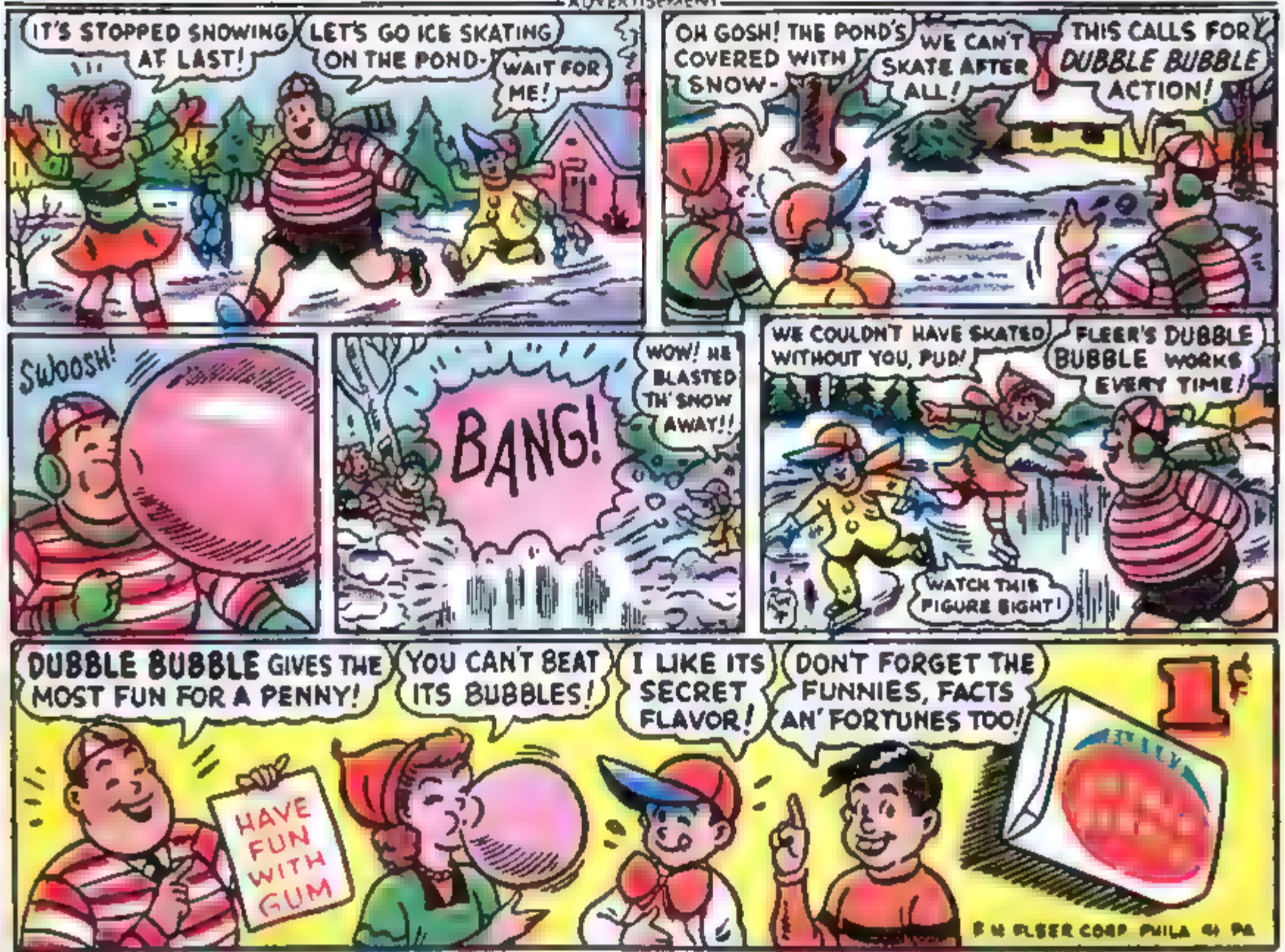
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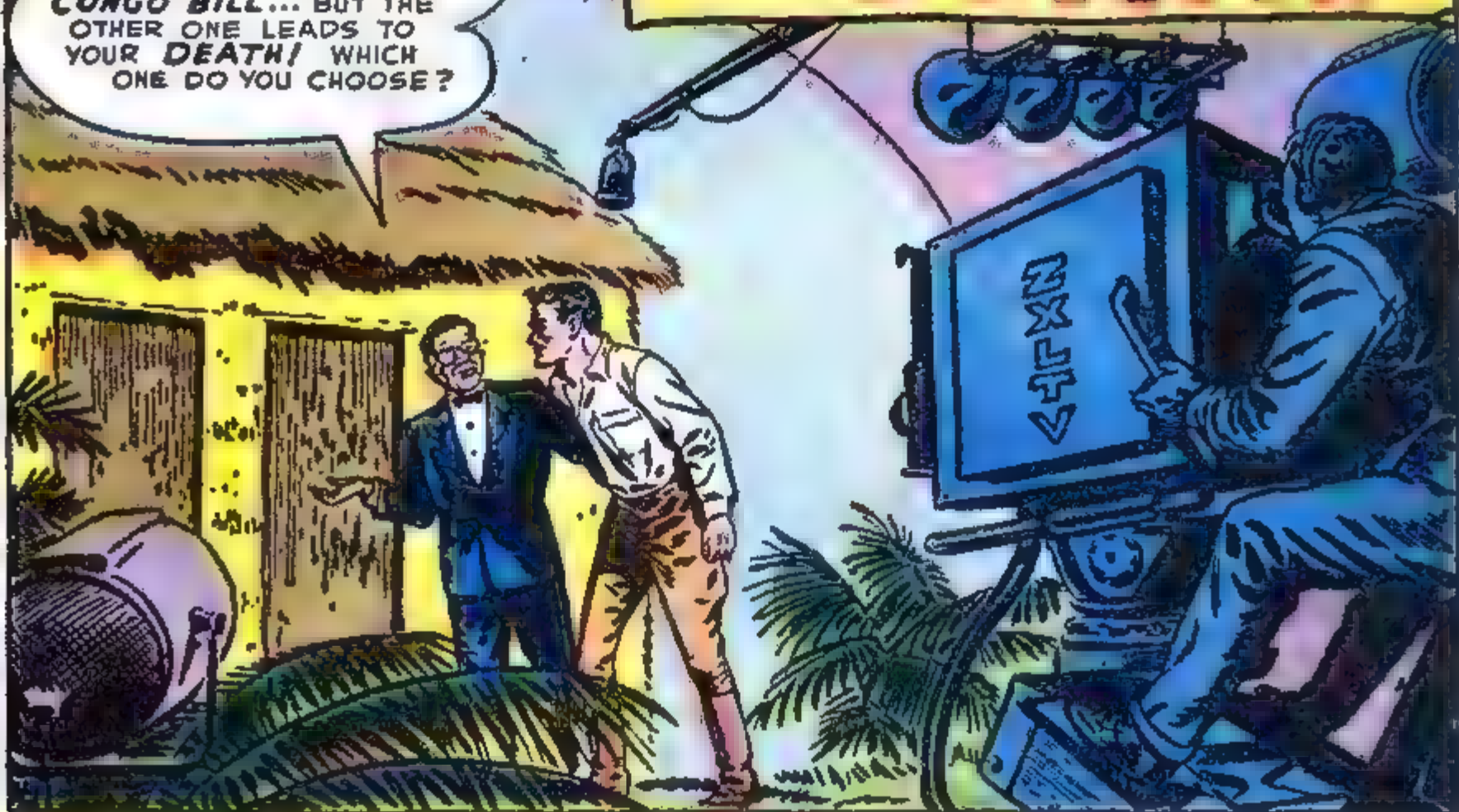


Congo Bill

FROM TANGIER TO TARAKAN, CONGO BILL, ACE ADVENTURER, HAS CALMLY FACED THE FANGS OF 1,000 WILD BEASTS... BUT NEVER WAS HIS PERIL GREATER THAN WHEN HE GUESSED WRONG ON A SEEMINGLY HARMLESS TV SHOW, ONLY TO DISCOVER AT THE LAST MOMENT THAT HE WAS PLAYING...

"THE QUIZ GAME OF DEATH!"

ONE OF THOSE DOORS LEADS TO THE PRIZE WHICH WILL BE AWARDED TO YOUR FAVORITE CHARITY, CONGO BILL... BUT THE OTHER ONE LEADS TO YOUR DEATH! WHICH ONE DO YOU CHOOSE?



ONE DAY, AS CONGO BILL, FAMED WORLD ADVENTURER, APPEARS ON A QUIZ SHOW FOR THE BENEFIT OF CHARITY...

THE 15th VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A. ? I'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW!

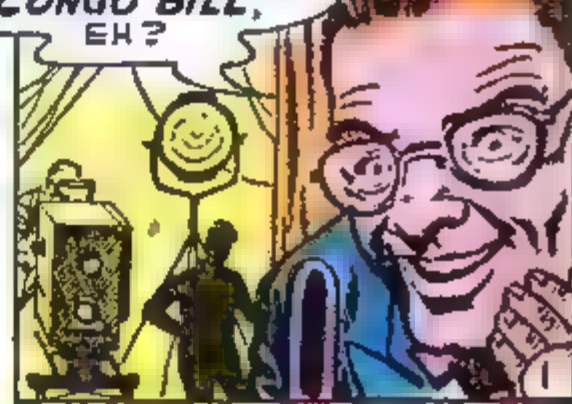
HA, HA--- THEN YOU MUST PAY THE PENALTY, CONGO BILL, TO KEEP FROM FORFEITING ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE WON SO FAR!

AND THIS IS THE PENALTY... YOU'RE TO SPEND FIVE FULL DAYS IN A JUNGLE WHERE YOU MUST TAKE THE RISK OF POOLS POISONED BY FEUDING NATIVES, AND OF WILD ANIMALS! WHAT'S MORE, YOU MUST NOT RUN AWAY FROM THE ANIMALS, BUT MASTER THEM... UNARMED!

DID YOU SAY, UNARMED? QUITE A PENALTY!

BUT WHEN BILL LEAVES THE STAGE

FOLKS, WHAT CONGO BILL DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT WE'RE REALLY SENDING HIM TO A TAME ANIMAL RESERVATION IN INDIA! A CAMERAMAN WILL MEET HIM THERE, AND RECORD HIS PHONY ADVENTURES--- WHICH WE'LL SHOW YOU ON A FUTURE PROGRAM! A GOOD JOKE ON CONGO BILL, EH?



HOWEVER, OUTSIDE THE STUDIO, SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

YEAH, THAT'S THE CLEVEREST STUNT YET! AFTER CONGO BILL LEFT THE STAGE, THE ANNOUNCER SAID THEY WERE REALLY SENDING HIM TO A TAME ANIMAL RESERVATION!

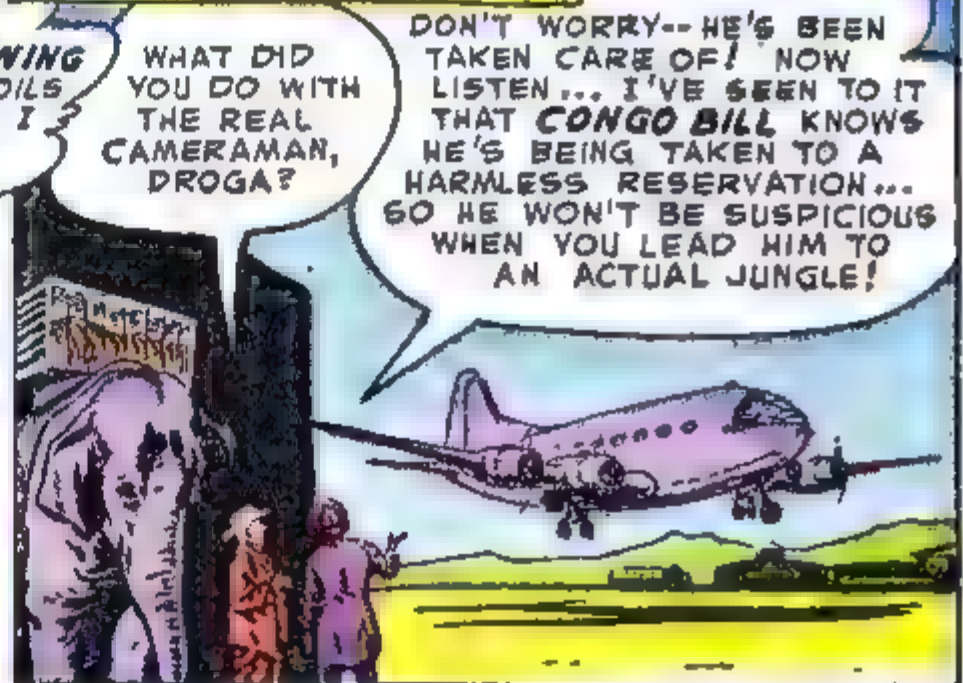
HMM... I SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THAT---BUT KNOWING I'LL BE SAFE SPOILS THE FUN! TOO BAD I HAD TO OVERHEAR THOSE TWO!



DAYS LATER, TWO MEN WATCH FURTIVELY AS BILL'S PLANE LANDS AT RANGIYA AIRPORT, NORTHEAST OF CALCUTTA...

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE REAL CAMERAMAN, DROGA?

DON'T WORRY--HE'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF! NOW LISTEN... I'VE SEEN TO IT THAT CONGO BILL KNOWS HE'S BEING TAKEN TO A HARMLESS RESERVATION... SO HE WON'T BE SUSPICIOUS WHEN YOU LEAD HIM TO AN ACTUAL JUNGLE!



WHY DO YOU WANT HIM DELIBERATELY KILLED, ANYWAY, DROGA?

NOT DELIBERATELY KILLED, YOU FOOL! CONGO BILL IS TO TESTIFY AGAINST ME WHEN MY TRIAL COMES UP NEXT MONTH! THEREFORE, HIS DEATH MUST LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT, OR I'LL BE SUSPECTED!



SOON...

AH--- YOU MUST BE THE CAMERA-MAN I'M TO MEET!

IN PERSON! STAY RIGHT THERE, CONGO BILL-- I'LL TAKE A FEW SHOTS OF YOU ARRIVING!



I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU I'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF THAT YOU'RE TAKING ME TO A TAME ANIMAL RESERVATION!

ER--- MAKE IT SNAPPY, WILL YOU? THAT SUN IS HOT ON MY BACK!

ONE MORE SHOT! ER--- TOO BAD YOU FOUND OUT, BILL... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT ANYWAY--- FOR CHARITY'S SAKE!



THUS, AS THE TWO MEN PLUNGE INTO A DANGEROUS JUNGLE...

THAT POOL IS MARKED WITH AN X, TO SHOW THE WATER IS POISONED!

SO I SEE--- BUT I THINK I CAN TAKE A CHANCE WITH THAT KIND OF "POISON", EH?

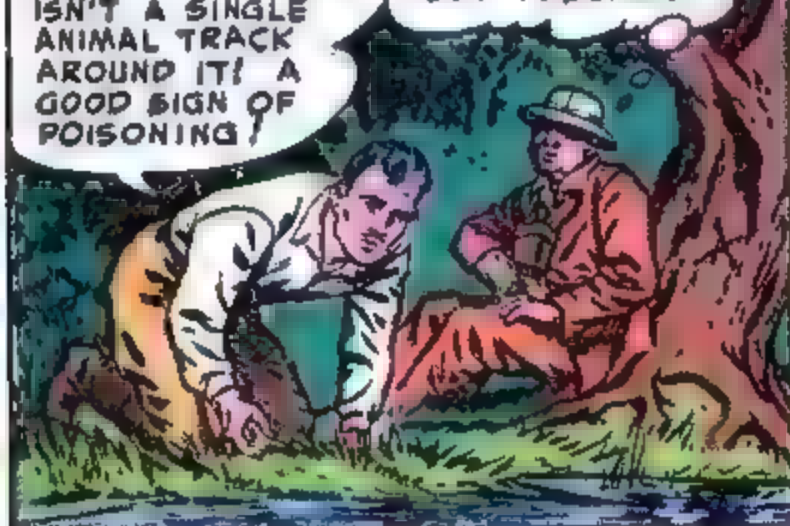
BUT WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT THE POOL ACTUALLY IS POISONED! THIS IS GONNA BE A LOT EASIER THAN DROGA THOUGHT!



BUT, JUST THEN...

WAIT A MINUTE!
THIS POOL MAY
VERY WELL BE
POISONED AT THAT!
IT'S THE ONLY
WATER HOLE IN THE
AREA, YET THERE
ISN'T A SINGLE
ANIMAL TRACK
AROUND IT! A
GOOD SIGN OF
POISONING!

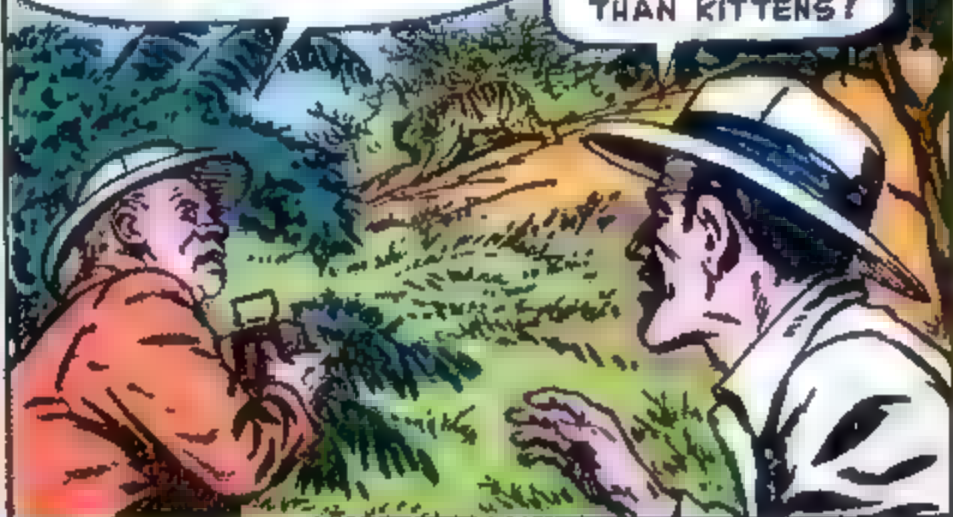
HUH--- GUESS I
WAS WRONG ABOUT
THIS BEING EASY!
BUT DROGA'S GOT
A FEW TRICKS UP
HIS SLEEVE, WHICH
CONGO BILL
WILL FIND A
LOT TOUGHER!



THEN, AS THE TWO TREK DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE...

LOOK UP AHEAD, **CONGO BILL**...
PROBABLY A TOOTHLESS OLD
TIGER, FIT FOR NOTHING BETTER
THAN A GAME RESERVATION!
JUST THE SAME, I'M KEEPING
A SAFE DISTANCE BETWEEN
HIM AND ME!

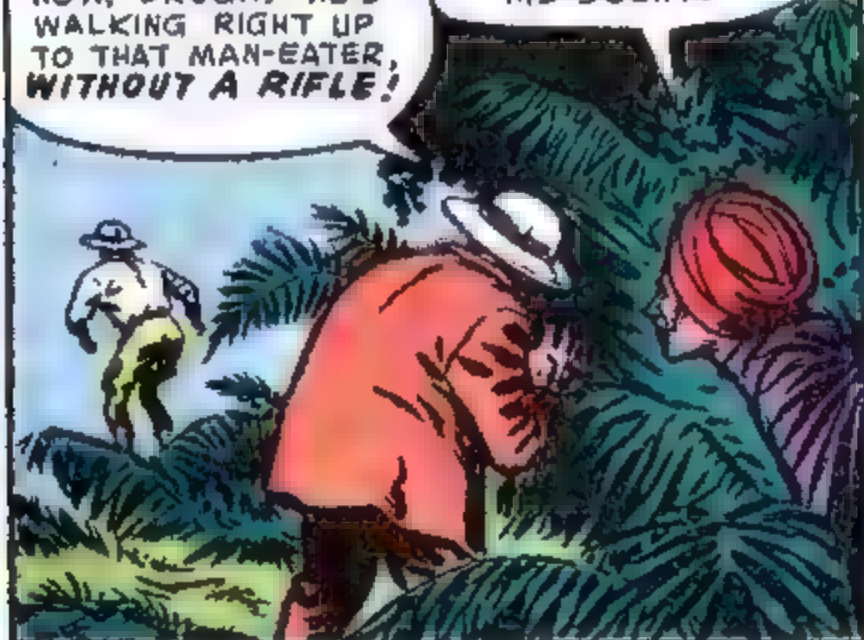
NOTHING TO
BE AFRAID
OF... TAME
TIGERS
AREN'T MUCH
MORE
DANGEROUS
THAN KITTENS!



**AND WHILE THE ACE ADVENTURER INNOCENTLY
GOES FORWARD...**

IT WON'T BE LONG
NOW, DROGA! HE'S
WALKING RIGHT UP
TO THAT MAN-EATER,
WITHOUT A RIFLE!

YES--- WAIT TILL THAT
BEAST CATCHES
HIS SCENT!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

GREAT SCOTT!
THAT'S NO TOOTH-
LESS OLD CAT! TH-THIS
BABY'S IN THE PRIME OF
HIS LIFE, AND--- AND
HUNGRY!



GULP! H-HE'S GETTING
READY TO SPRING... A-AND
ME WITHOUT EVEN A--- A
POPGUN!

HA, HA---
I GUESS
THAT'S
THE END OF
CONGO BILL,
EH?

LOOKS LIKE
IT, DROGA---
SURE LOOKS
LIKE IT!



**BUT SECONDS BEFORE THE
LEAPING BEAST DESCENDS,
BILL GRABS HOLD OF A
HANGING LIMB---**



... AND SUDDENLY...

TWACK

TIGERS ARE PRETTY FEARLESS UNTIL THEY COME UP AGAINST SOMETHING THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND---AND THAT CAT'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHAT HIT HIM!

D-DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW, DROGA?

NEVER MIND THAT! WE MUST QUIET HIS SUSPICIONS, OR HE WON'T WALK INTO THE **BIG TRAP**! QUICKLY--- GO TO HIM, WHILE I RELEASE THIS TAME TIGER!

MINUTES LATER...

THERE'S SOMETHING ODD GOING ON AROUND HERE... FIRST A POISONED POOL, AND NOW A MAN-EATING TIGER IN A TAME ANIMAL RESERVATION!

JUST THE SAME, CONGO BILL, THEY'RE NOT ALL MAN-EATERS! LOOK AT THIS ONE... IT EVEN LETS ME PAT IT ON THE HEAD!

HMM...

I GET IT! THAT MAN-EATER MUST HAVE **BROKEN INTO** THE RESERVATION!

SURE, SURE--- THAT MUST BE THE ANSWER! LEAD ON, BILL... WE'LL CERTAINLY HAVE SOME UNEXPECTEDLY EXCITING PICTURES FOR THAT TV SHOW!

FINALLY, HOURS LATER, AS DROGA PREPARES TO SPRING HIS BIG TRAP...

AT LAST... WILD ELEPHANTS... THE MOST DANGEROUS BEASTS IN THE JUNGLE! I'LL SEND THIS TAME BRUTE OUT AHEAD OF THEM, SO CONGO BILL WILL BELIEVE THE REST ARE TAME, TOO!

ACCORDINGLY...

LOOK, CONGO BILL... ELEPHANTS! THEY--- ER--- LOOK WILD FROM A DISTANCE, BUT TAME ENOUGH WHEN THEY GET CLOSE! THINK I'LL TAKE A RIDE... GO GET ONE FOR YOURSELF!

BUT ABRUPTLY...

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA PULLING ME OFF?

THOSE ARE WILD ELEPHANTS, MISTER! YOU CAN TELL FROM THOSE SCARED MONKEYS! THEY'D NEVER SHOW SUCH FRIGHT AT THE SIGHT OF TAME ELEPHANTS!

THEN IF---IF THEY ARE WILD ELEPHANTS, WH-WHY D.D YOU DRAG ME OFF THE TAME ONE?

BECAUSE, YOU PUNK, YOU WERE PLANNING TO ESCAPE ON IT, WHILE LEAVING ME HERE TO DIE! BUT NOW, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE WITH ME!

HERE THEY COME! LET ME GO! LET ME GO! STOP THEM, CONGO BILL, STOP THEM!

WHAT WITH? IT TAKES A .404 EXPRESS RIFLE TO PUT AN ELEPHANT DOWN, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A SLING-SHOT, REMEMBER?

YOU'VE GOT ONE CHANCE TO SAVE YOURSELF--- BY TELLING ME WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS?

YES, YES, ANYTHING--- ONLY SAVE ME!

OKAY... THIS WAY!

WHERE? THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE!

DOWN HERE---A TIGER PIT! THE JUNGLE IS LOADED WITH THEM!

AND AS THE ELEPHANTS, WITH INSTINCTIVE SURE-FOOTEDNESS, CHARGE AROUND THE SHALLOW PIT...

OKAY...NOW THAT I'VE SAVED YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE--- TALK!

IT---IT WAS DROGA WHO PAID ME! I---I GUESS YOU KNOW WHY! BUT---WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT ME?



ACTION COMICS



I KNEW YOU WEREN'T A PROFESSIONAL CAMERAMAN RIGHT OFF, THE WAY YOU SHOT ME WITH THE SUN ON MY BACK! A REAL CAMERAMAN WOULD KNOW HIS LENS WOULD CLOUD UP WITH THE SUN SHINING DIRECTLY INTO IT, AND--- AND...GOOD GRIEF! LOOK!

6

TOO LATE TO SAVE DROGA NOW! HE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO KEEP ME FROM APPEARING AT HIS TRIAL--- BUT NOW IT LOOKS AS IF HE WON'T EVEN BE THERE HIMSELF!

EEEEEE!

AND SO, BACK IN THE STATES, A WEEK LATER...

TOO BAD THE FILM WAS DESTROYED... BUT HOW DID YOU FEEL WHEN YOU FIRST LEARNED WE'D TRICKED YOU INTO ENTERING A TAME ANIMAL RESERVATION, CONGO BILL?

WORDS FAIL ME, JIM... BUT AS LONG AS CHARITY BENEFITS, ALL IS FORGIVEN!

THE END

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BE SURE
TO GET THE
LATEST ISSUE
OF
THE ADVENTURES OF
**Dean
MARTIN and
Jerry
LEWIS**
TODAY!



MAJOR MARS

AMERICA'S #1 SPACE SOLDIER

VICTORY BY REFLECTION

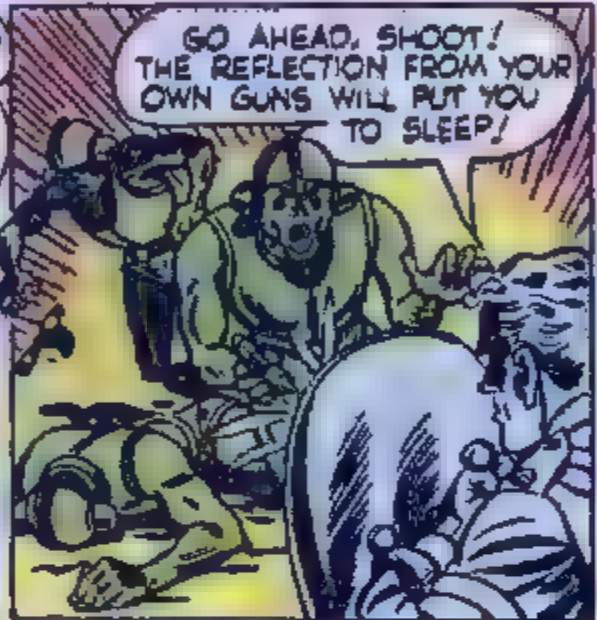
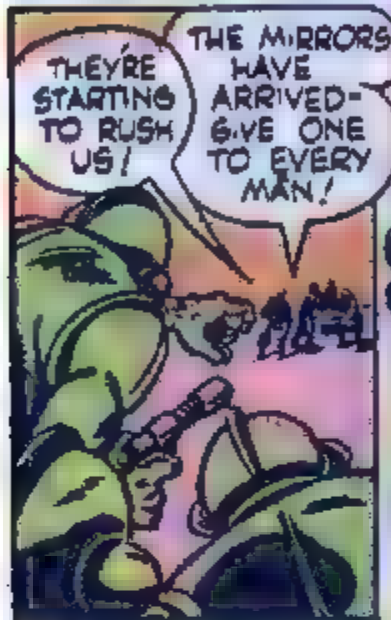
THE VENUSIANS
HAVE BROKEN
INTO OUR
RESEARCH
HEADQUARTERS!

ALERT
ALL GUARD
SQUADRONS!
I'LL MEET
THEM AT
THE SCENE!

WE HAVE
THEM CORNER-
ED, SIR...
BUT THEIR
SLEEP-RAY
GUNS ARE
TOO EFFECT-
IVE!

WE
CAN'T LET
THOSE
VENUSIANS
LEAVE THE
PLANET!
I HAVE
AN IDEA!

MAJOR MARS
CALLING... RUSH AT
LEAST 20 LARGE
MIRRORS TO RE-
SEARCH HEAD-
QUARTERS!



THEY'RE
STARTING
TO RUSH
US!

THE MIRRORS
HAVE
ARRIVED-
GIVE ONE
TO EVERY
MAN!

GO AHEAD, SHOOT!
THE REFLECTION FROM YOUR
OWN GUNS WILL PUT YOU
TO SLEEP!

WOW!
I'M GOING
TO KISS
EVERY
MIRROR
I SEE
FROM NOW
ON!

JUST BE SURE
IT ISN'T
REFLECTING
THE BLAST
FROM A
SLEEP-RAY
GUN!

BOYS AND GIRLS,
DON'T FORGET TO
SEND FOR ONE OF
THESE THRILLING
GIFTS TODAY!

THESE THRILLING GIFTS ARE YOURS!

#40

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No cutting, carving or sand-
ing. Just assemble, cement
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DESIRED.

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SUPERMAN

A DATE
WITH
JUDY

BOB
HOPE

MARTIN
AND
LEWIS

BATMAN

LINE OF STARS

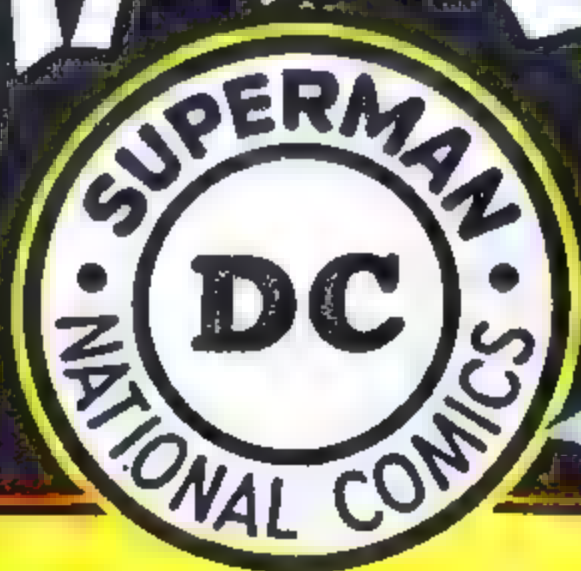
BIG
TOWN

FOX
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CROW

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DISTRICT
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GANG
BUSTERS

MUTT
& JEFF



--AND THIS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER OF
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IS **YOUR** GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN COMICS READING!

Tommy TOMORROW

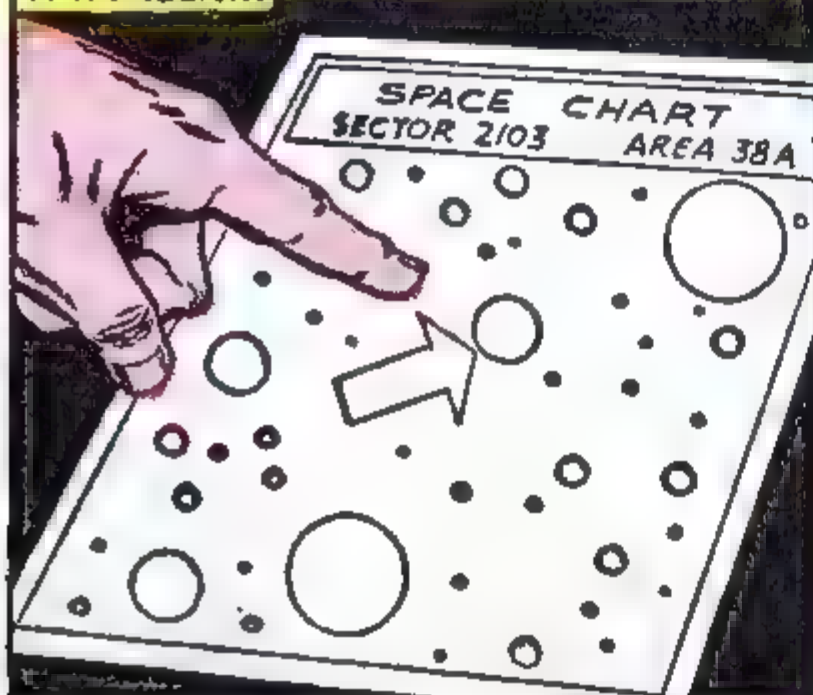
MANY PEOPLE FEAR BAD LUCK OMENS, SUCH AS BLACK CATS, THE NUMBER 13, AND BREAKING A MIRROR! AND EVEN IN THE 21ST CENTURY, SUCH SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS PERSIST, AS TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE *PLANETEERS* FINDS OUT AT HIS PERIL WHEN HE STRUGGLES WITH THE HOODOO OF ...

THE
JINX
PLANET!

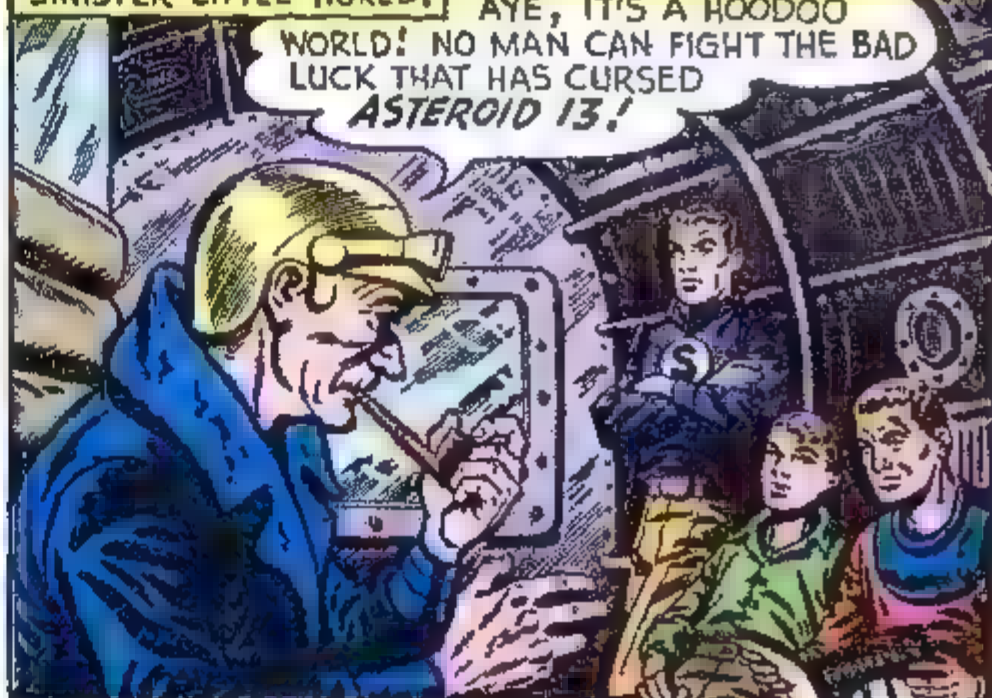


THERE GOES TOMMY TOMORROW TO CHALLENGE THE JINX OF ASTEROID 13!

IT WAS JUST A SPECK IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM-- AN ASTEROID SO SMALL IT HAD NO NAME, ONLY A NUMBER...



...BUT IN THE LONG WATCHES ON SHIPS BETWEEN THE PLANETS, SPACE-MEN TOLD STRANGE TALES OF THAT SINISTER LITTLE WORLD!



AYE, IT'S A HOODOO WORLD! NO MAN CAN FIGHT THE BAD LUCK THAT HAS CURSED **ASTEROID 13!**



ACTION COMICS



YES, THE HISTORY OF THE JINX ASTEROID WAS AN OMINOUS ONE! IT BEGAN ONE DAY WHEN TOMMY TOMORROW OF *THE PLANETEERS* WAS EXPLORING AN UNCHARTED ASTEROID SWARM, IN HIS SHIP, THE *SPACE ACE*...

HMM... THIS WILL BE THE 13TH ASTEROID WE'VE VISITED--SO I'LL MARK IT ON THE MAP AS **ASTEROID 13!**

BUT, TOMMY, THAT'S BAD LUCK!

COLONEL TOMORROW WAS NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, AND LAUGHED OFF THE DISMAY OF HIS PAL, BRENT WOOD!

NONSENSE, BRENT, THIS IS THE 21ST CENTURY! 13 IS JUST A NUMBER! PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR LANDING!

I DON'T LIKE IT! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT NUMBER IS A JINX!

AND, IT SEEMED, BRENT WOOD WAS RIGHT! FOR, A FEW SECONDS LATER, CATASTROPHE LOOMS!

LOOK OUT, BRENT! REVERSE THE JETS--OR WE'LL CRACK UP!

GOT IT!

I TOLD YOU THAT NUMBER WOULD MAKE THIS PLANETOID A JINX! WE ALMOST GOT KILLED!

YOU WERE JUST SO BUSY TALKING ABOUT IT THAT YOU NEGLECTED YOUR LANDING JOB! BUT WE CAN MAKE EMERGENCY REPAIRS AND GET AWAY!

THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF *ASTEROID 13*'S ILL-FAME! IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, ITS SINISTER REPUTATION GREW!

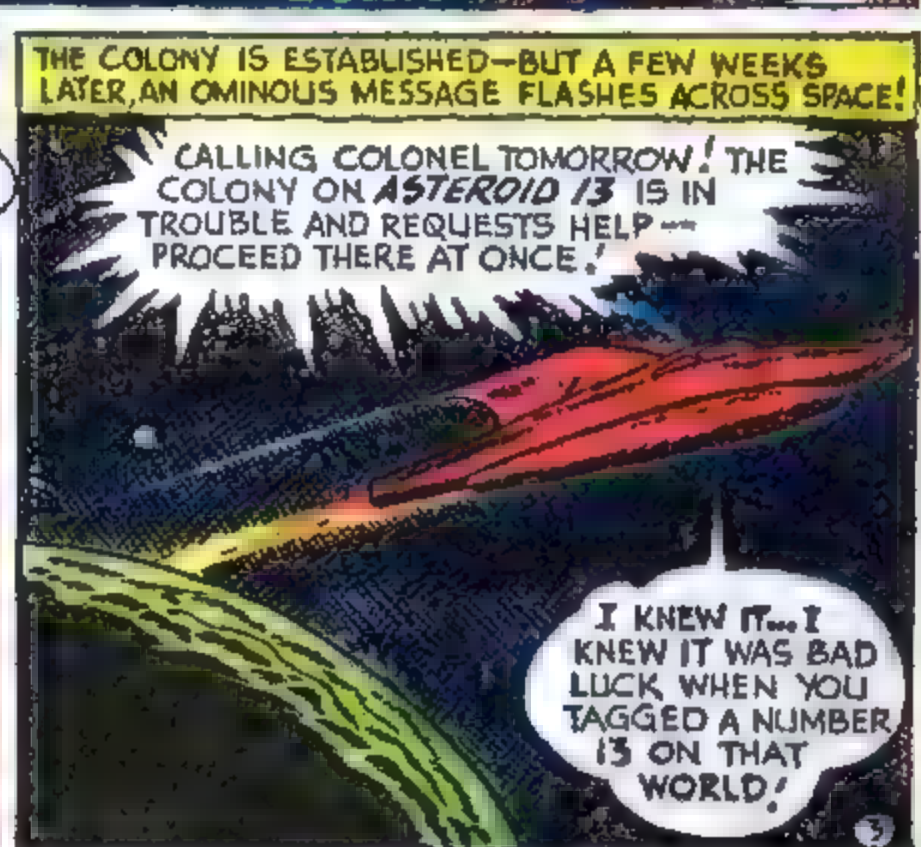
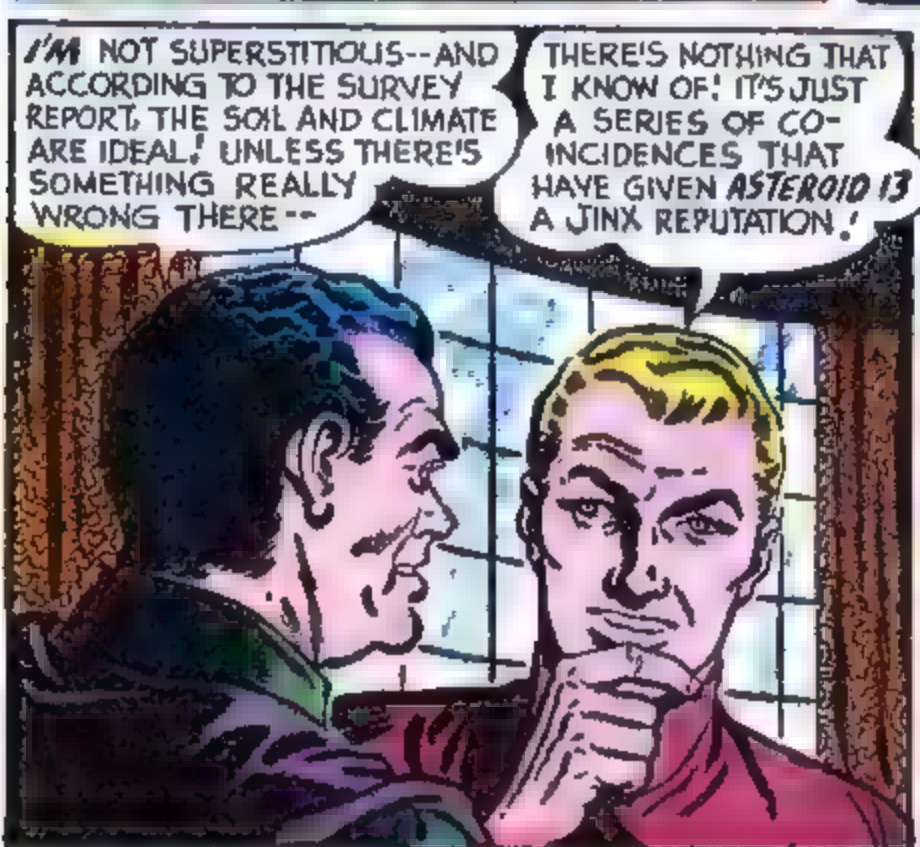
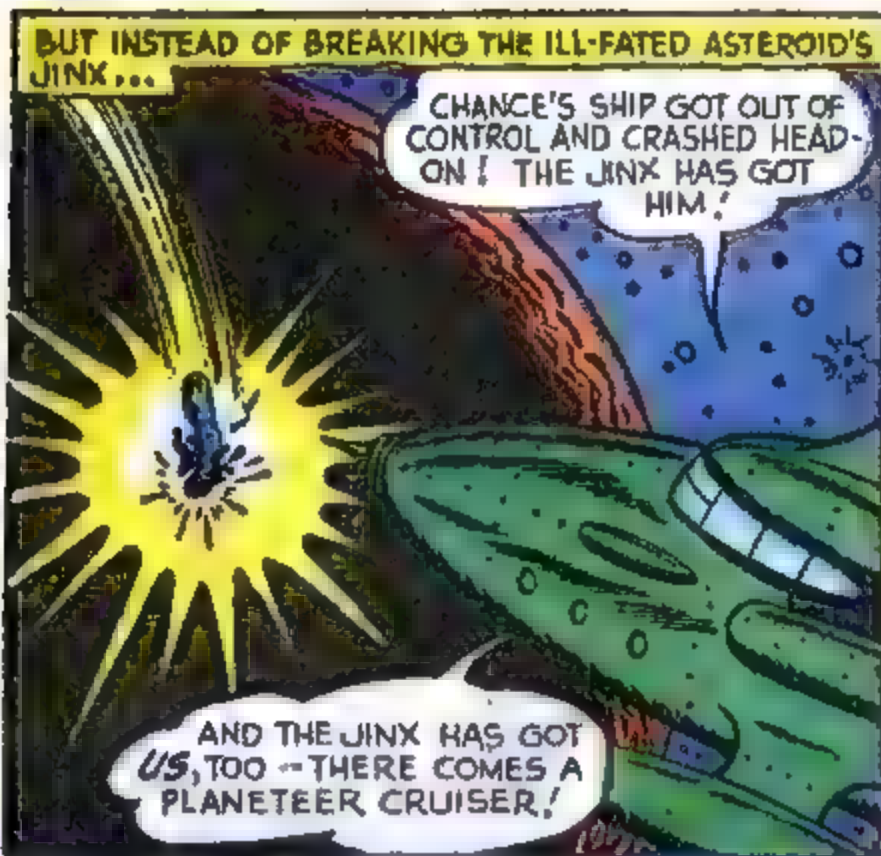
AND KEEP YOUR COURSE WELL AWAY FROM THAT *ASTEROID 13*! I HEAR IT'S A JINX!

SURE, EVEN THE *PLANETEERS* CRACKED UP THERE! NO SPACEMAN WOULD GO WITHIN A MILLION MILES OF IT!

THEN THE BAD LUCK OF *ASTEROID 13* WAS CHALLENGED BY A MAN WHOSE WHOLE LIFE WAS BASED ON LUCK--JOHN CHANCE, HEAD OF A HUGE GAMBLING SYNDICATE!

YOU MEAN, ESTABLISH OUR SECRET NEW GAMBLING RESORT ON *ASTEROID 13*? IT'S CRAZY--NO ONE WOULD DARE GO TO THAT VOODOO WORLD!

TO SHOW YOU DIFFERENT, I'LL GO THERE AHEAD OF YOU, ALONE--AND BREAK ITS JINX!



FOR THE THIRD TIME, AS THOUGH BY THE WORKING OF SOME HIDDEN AND INEXORIBLE DESTINY, TOMMY TOMORROW FINDS HIMSELF ON THE ILL-FAMED PLANETOID.

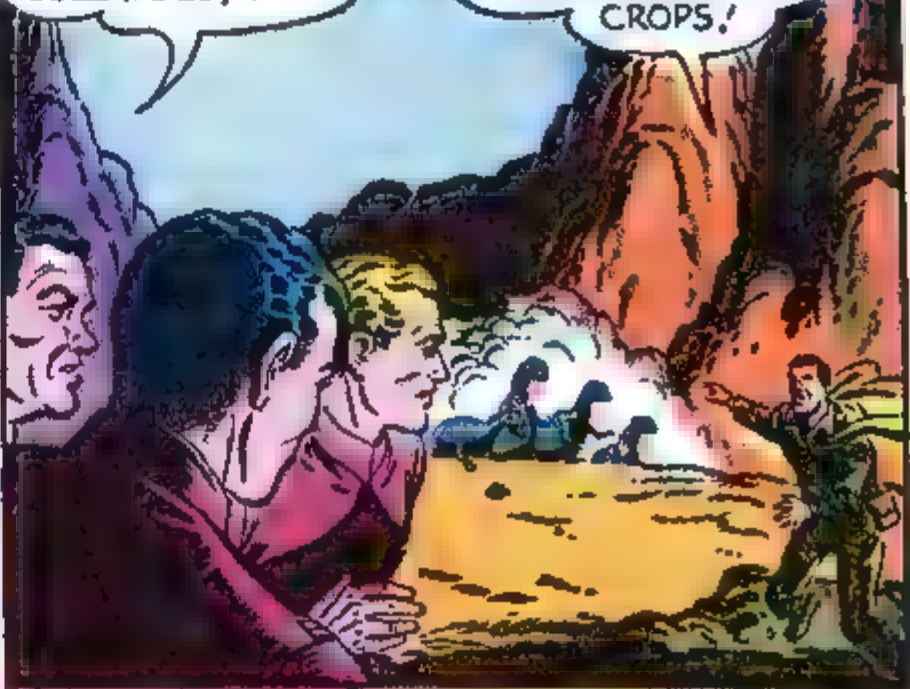
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IN THE STORIES, COLONEL TOMORROW--BUT WE HAVE HAD UNUSUALLY BAD LUCK! SOME OF THE COLONISTS ARE CONVINCED NOW THAT THIS WORLD *IS* JINXED!

AND THERE'S THE MAN WHO JINXED IT!



SOME OF OUR BEST WELLS TURNED SALT! OUR IRRIGATION DIKES COLLAPSED, AND--

MORE BAD LUCK! LOOK--THE BIG LIZARDS FROM THE HILLS ARE OVERRUNNING OUR CROPS!



QUICKLY TAKING IN THE SITUATION, TOMMY TOMORROW GOES INTO ACTION!

BRIGHT LIGHT WILL FRIGHTEN THEM AWAY--AND THESE SHEETS OF ALUMINUM SIDING ARE JUST THE THING FOR REFLECTING MIRRORS! COME ON, BRENT!



DESPERATELY, THE COLONISTS FIGHT THE WEIRD GIANT LIZARDS TO SAVE THEIR CROPS FROM DESTRUCTION!

THAT'S IT, MEN! WE'RE TURNING THEM BACK!

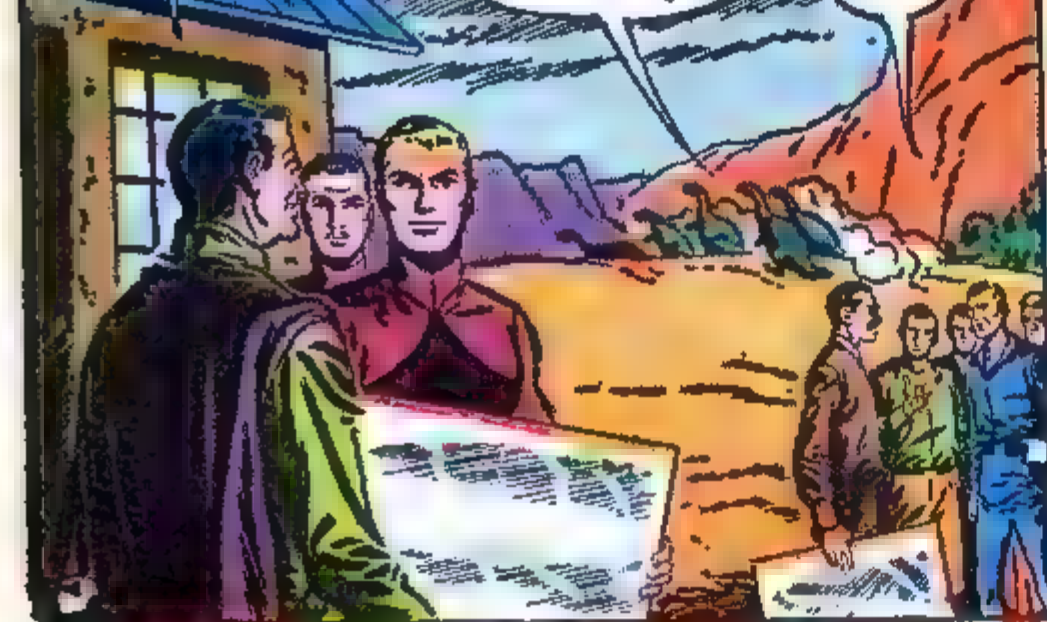
HMM...THOSE LIZARDS ARE A HARMLESS MOUNTAIN-DWELLING TYPE, AND ORDINARILY NEVER LEAVE THEIR ROCKS! STRANGE--



THANKS TO YOU, WE SAVED OUR CROPS!

YES--THIS TIME! BUT WE CAN'T BUCK THIS BAD LUCK FOREVER--IF ONE MORE THING HAPPENS, I'LL QUIT!

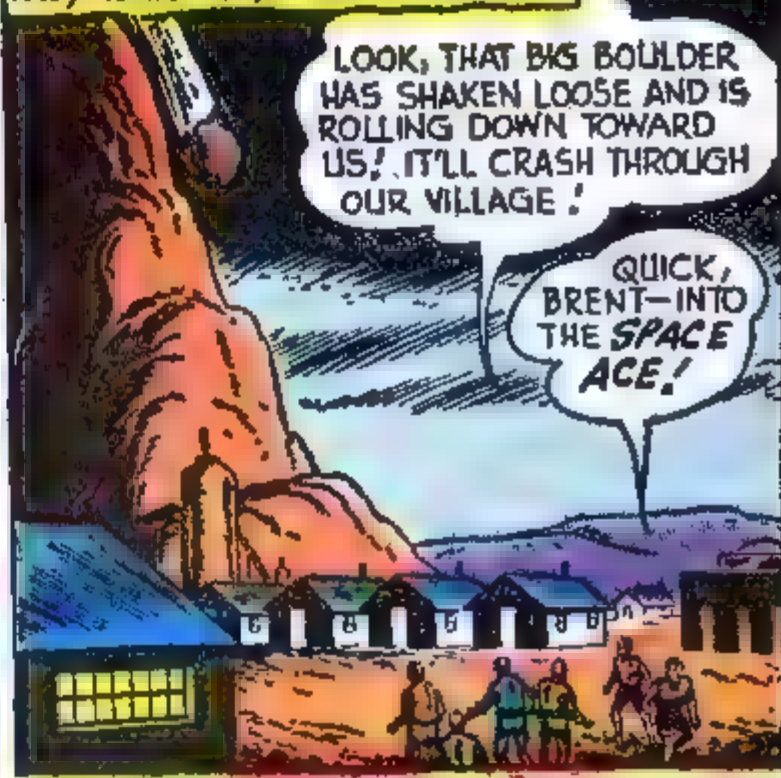
ME TOO!



AND, IRONICALLY, AT THAT MOMENT--

LOOK, THAT BIG BOULDER HAS SHAKEN LOOSE AND IS ROLLING DOWN TOWARD US! IT'LL CRASH THROUGH OUR VILLAGE!

QUICK, BRENT--INTO THE SPACE AGE!



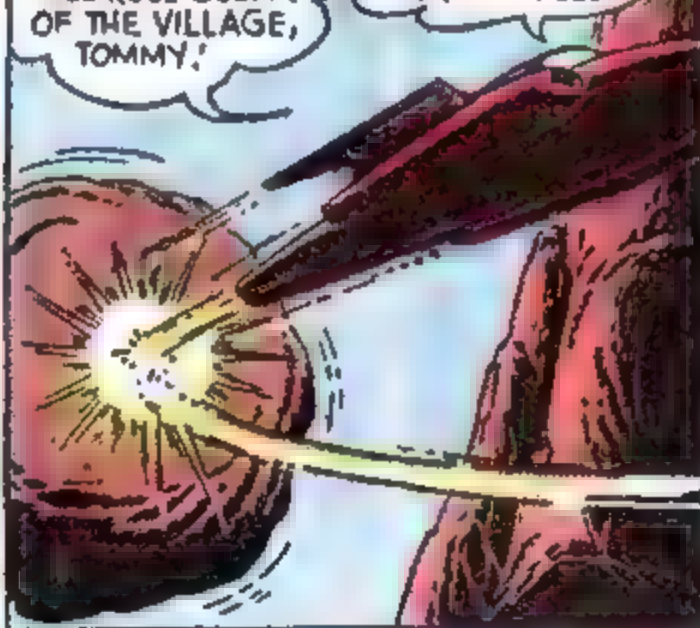
THEN, AS THE TITAN MENACE THUNDERS DOWN TOWARD THE HELPLESS COLONISTS...



...THE *SPACE ACE* FLASHES INTO ACTION!

OUR BRAKE-JETS HAVE ENOUGH POWER TO PUSH IT ASIDE! IT WILL ROLL CLEAR OF THE VILLAGE, TOMMY!

WE'LL MAKE SURE NO OTHER ROCK-SLIDES THREATEN--I'LL SWING OVER THE HILLS!



MUST BE VOLCANIC ACTION THAT LOOSENEED THAT BOULDER--SEE, THE CRAG IT BROKE FROM IS STILL HOT!

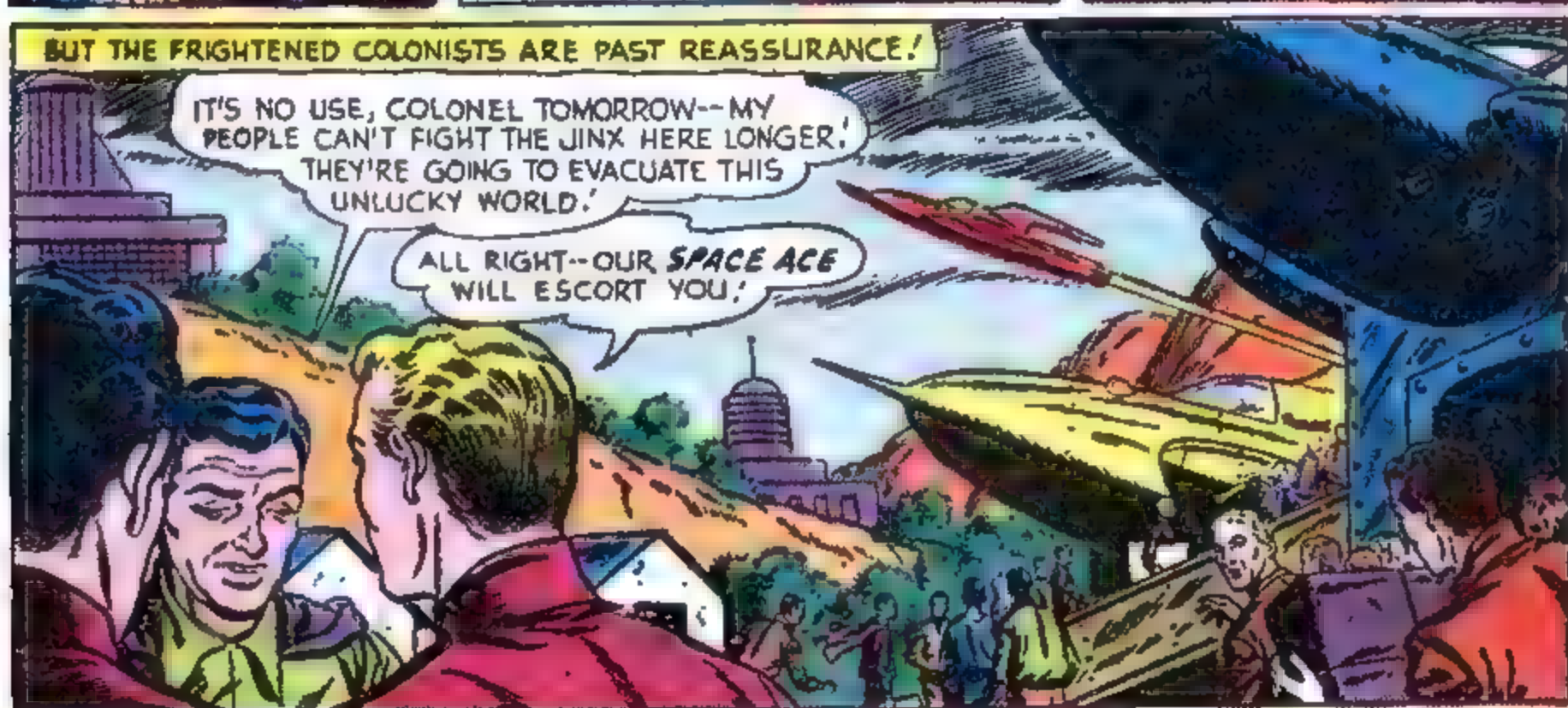
ANYWAY, THERE SEEMS NO MORE DANGER HERE! WE'D BETTER REASSURE THE COLONISTS!



BUT THE FRIGHTENED COLONISTS ARE PAST REASSURANCE!

IT'S NO USE, COLONEL TOMORROW--MY PEOPLE CAN'T FIGHT THE JINX HERE LONGER! THEY'RE GOING TO EVACUATE THIS UNLUCKY WORLD!

ALL RIGHT--OUR *SPACE ACE* WILL ESCORT YOU!



LED BY TOMMY TOMORROW'S SHIP, THE DEFEATED PIONEERS LEAVE THE HOODOO WORLD!



AND AS THEY LEAVE, FROM THE CAVES IN THE ROCKY HILLS EMERGES A FURTIVE FIGURE.

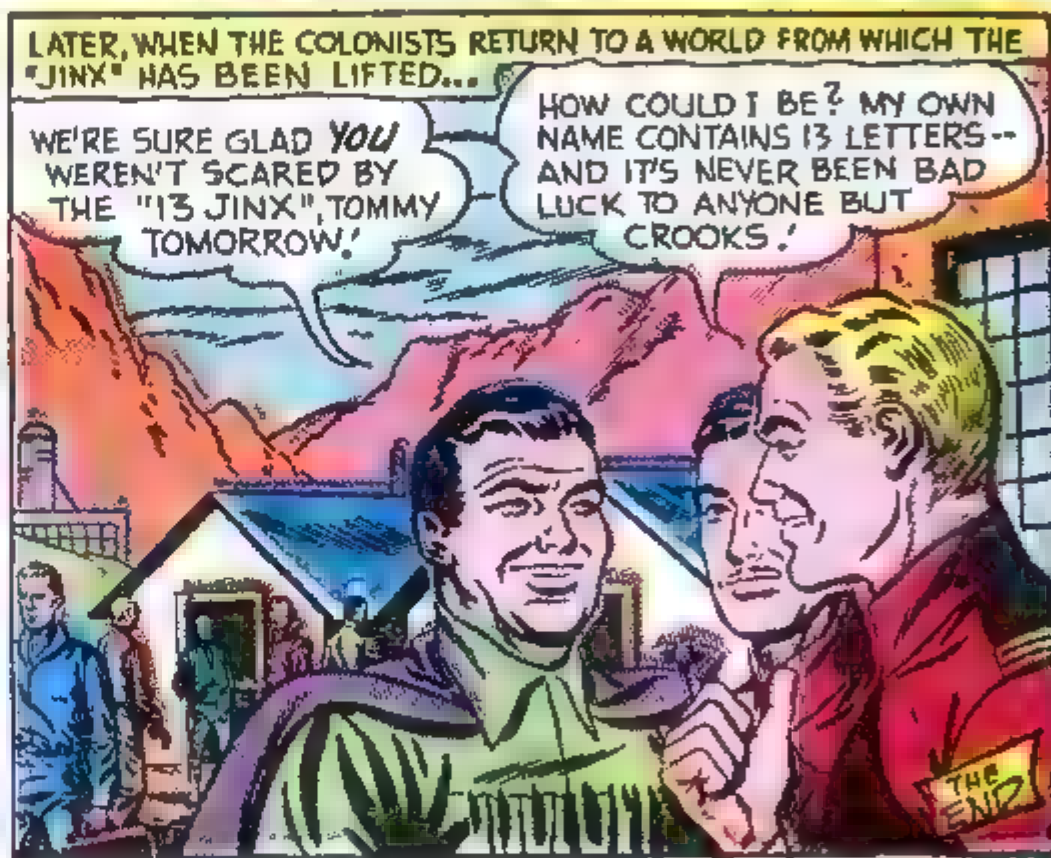
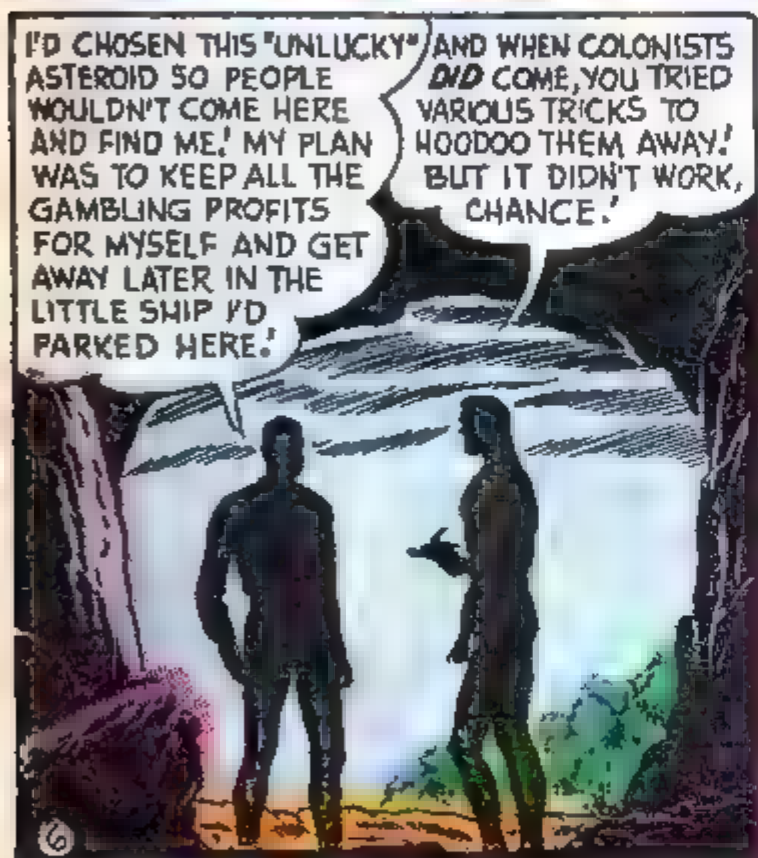
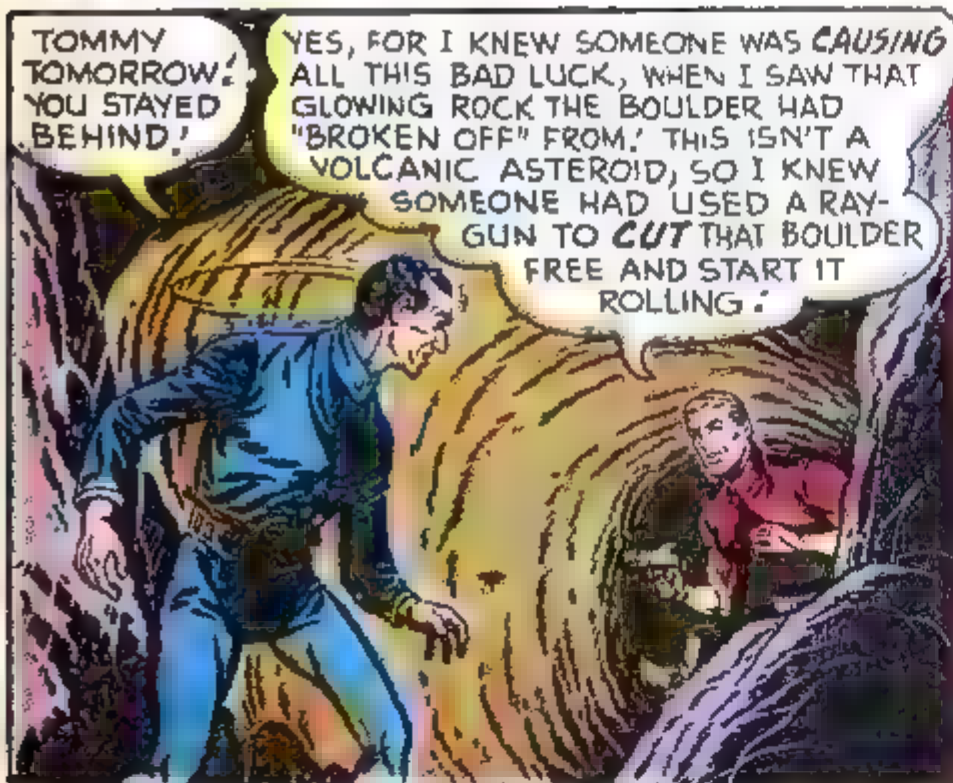
HA, HA--THERE GO THE SUPERSTITIOUS FOOLS! I'M RID OF THEM FOR GOOD!

NOT QUITE RID OF THEM--MR. CHANCE!





ACTION COMICS



ADVERTISEMENT

GET THAT SUCCESSFUL LOOK WITH AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING HAIR TONIC!

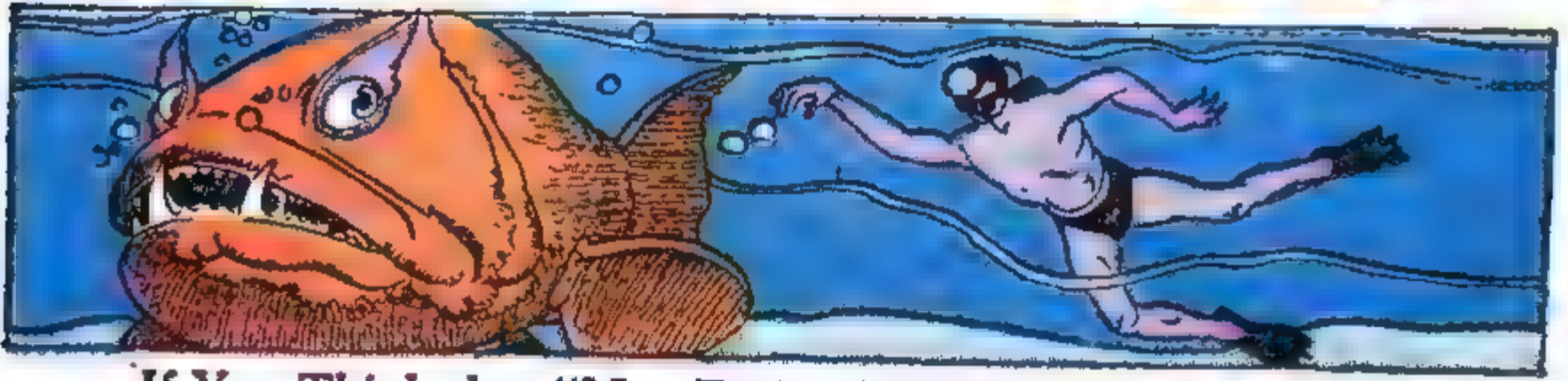
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

Don't give dandruff and dryness a chance to ruin the looks of your hair. Keep it neat and natural all day with Wildroot Cream-Oil. Made with the heart of Lanolin, so much like the natural oil of your skin! It's America's largest selling hair tonic...by far!



"You better get Wildroot Cream-Oil, Charlie!"

SCANNING THE SEA MONSTERS



If You Think that "Man Eating" Fish Are the Dangerous Enemies Lurking Below the Surface, You Have a Surprise Here

IS it true that an octopus will lie in wait in its sub-marine lair for an unsuspecting diver, whom it will promptly encircle in its powerful tentacles and effortlessly crush to death?

Is the dreaded ray fish as dangerous as it has been described? A monster that can't wait to sink its deadly stinger into the flesh of an innocent swimmer?

What about the fearsome-looking moray fish with its bared fangs and huge, evil eyes? Is it a fact that the moray is truly a man-eater?

Don't blame yourself if you still believe the superstitious myths about these so-called sea monsters. Our daily newspapers can never resist a sea monster story, and some of our greatest writers are guilty of slandering our fishy friends of the deep.

Take the octopus—normally one of the gentlest fish of the sea, and actually about as dangerous as your pet kitten. In *Toilers of the Sea*, Victor Hugo, the famous French writer, had the following to say about the way an octopus deals with a man:

"You enter in the beast. The hydra incorporates itself with the man. He draws you to him, into him; and, bound

and helpless, you feel yourself emptied into this frightful sac, which is a monster!"

Scientists describe the above quotation with one word: "Hogwash!"

Recently, swimmers, wearing portable breathing apparatus, tested the viciousness of the dreaded octopus. The experimenting swimmer admits he was frightened at his first sight of the strange hydra, but he soon discovered that the octopus was the one who was really frightened — "terrorized" being a better word to describe the desperate writhing of the octopus in its desire to escape the strange swimmer!

Another swimmer, emboldened by the first one, actually grasped a huge devilfish (as the octopus is also known), and held it firmly but gently. The octopus, the swimmer later declared, looked more ludicrous than dangerous, as it tried every trick to escape.

While he was at it, the swimmer tested a few other myths usually associated with octopi—the powerful grip of its suction cups on the tentacles, and the blinding power of the famous ink an octopus ejects.

The suction cups, the swimmer learn-

ed, may work well on rocks, but it is useless on skin! And when the swimmer boldly swam into a cloud of the black ink, he did not become blind, as legend insisted he would—although the inky cloud did cut visibility down considerably.

What about those horrifying stories about divers being attacked by ray fish? Not true! And while it is true that ray fish possess powerful stingers, the fish never use them as an offensive weapon. As a matter of fact, the stingers operate automatically and when the fish is frightened.

Consequently, fishermen used to the ray fish always swim up behind the fish and take care of the stinger in the fish's tail—as an insurance against an *accidental* sting. Ray fish do not recognize man as a natural enemy and see red at the very sight of him. Don't believe it.

Similarly, the moray eel doesn't deserve its reputation as the "gangster of the deep." The Roman historians who related how Nero threw humans to the moray eels in much the same manner that he threw helpless captives to the lions, omitted a few important facts—the chief one being that the eels, like the lions, had been kept in a state of near starvation for weeks. Even humans would taste good to them by that time!

The moray, like the ray, has never been known to go out of its way to attack a human intruder, but when attacked can use those ugly fangs when he has to. Just the same, its bite, while painful, is not venomous.

The barracuda has been pictured as sure death to divers in almost all the leading men's magazines. Even fishermen have come to believe in the vicious aggressiveness of the barracuda, and give it a wide berth.

Here again, and in the words of an expert, despite undersea fairy tales, there has never been any evidence of a barracuda's attacking a diver. One diver, wearing nothing but a pair of trunks, once dived into the sea for a relaxing swim, only to find himself in the dead center of a whole school of barracudas.

The helpless swimmer, aware of the presence within biting distance, of literally hundreds of giant, swift-moving fish with a long history as man-eaters, honestly believed all was over for him. But the *vicious* barracudas took one long look at the intruder and darted off in all directions, apparently scared to death.

So much for the chief *sea monsters* of legend. Experienced divers rarely give them a thought. Divers are more concerned with much smaller but far more dangerous enemies below the surface—creatures you may never have heard of, such as fire coral, sea poison ivy, and stinging jellyfish.

When undersea man comes in contact with fire coral, he suffers a kind of burn that may last for days, while contact with sea poison ivy causes a severe, painful rash. But anti-histamine creams will relieve the burns of sea ivy and fire coral within hours.

The stinging jellyfish, of which the Portuguese man-of-war is the most dangerous, inflict a shocking sting to anyone or anything coming close to their varicolored crystal cups that hang in the water like miniature naval mines. Floating on the surface, dangling their long poisonous filaments, they cluster together like a mine field, waiting for victims.

These are the real sea monsters experienced undersea men worry about.

BEARCAT SETS BASEPATH ON FIRE

A JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

GOSH, JIM! BOB SHOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE A MILE!

WE'LL NEVER WIN THE BIG GAME WITH BASE RUNNING LIKE THAT!

PRACTICING FOR THE BIG GAME...

I JUST DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MY FULL SPEED

WHAT YOU NEED ARE "P-F's". THEY'LL HELP!

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ®

THE BIG GAME!

NOW FOR THE OLD SQUEEZE PLAY. HOPE BOB CAN SCORE THE WINNING RUN

THE BEARCATS WIN!

BOB SURE GOT AWAY FAST! HE'S SAFE!

THOSE "P-F's" HELPED HIM GO FULL SPEED!

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

- ...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
- ...INCREASE ENDURANCE
- ...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER

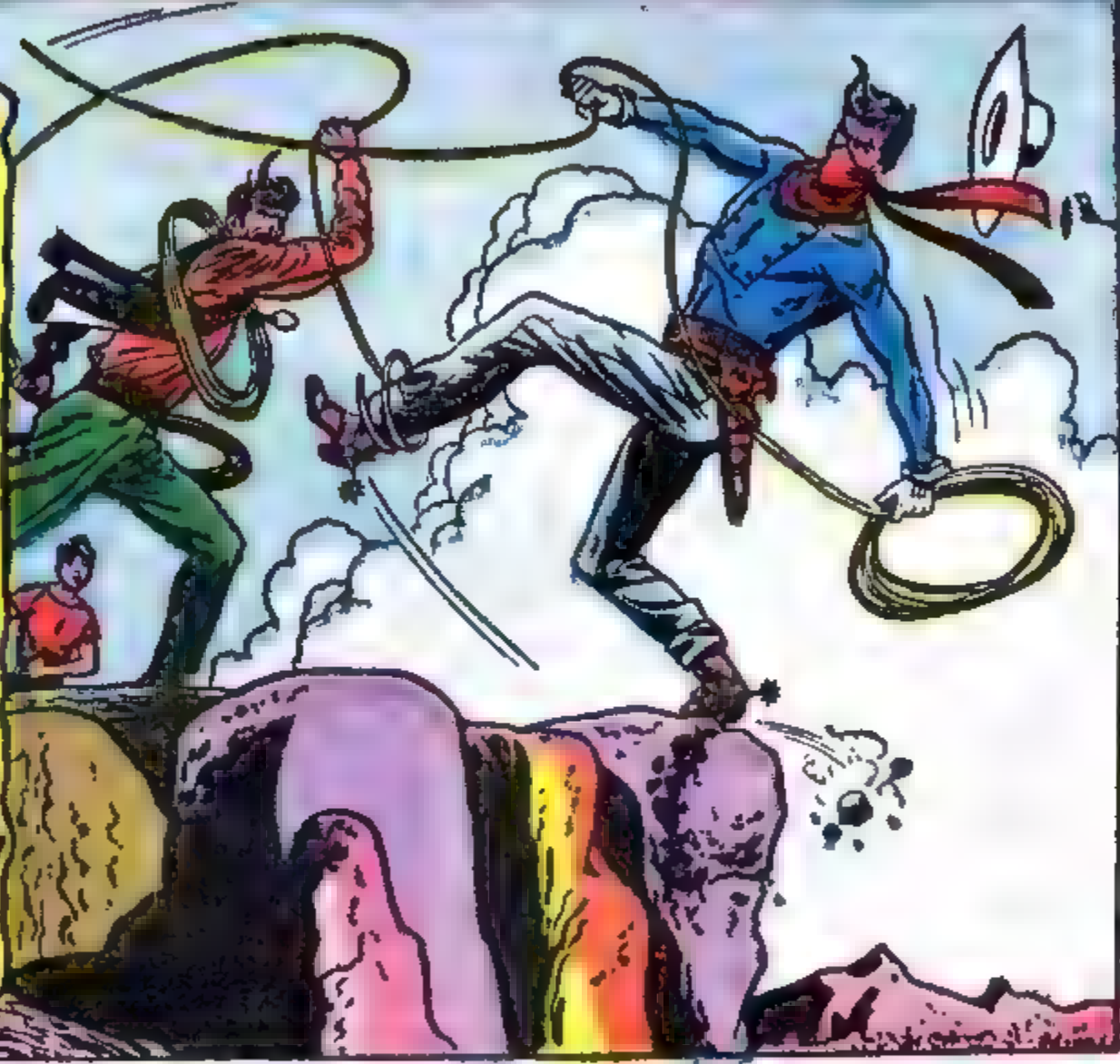


INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company

VIGILANTE

AT HIS SIDES HE WORE NO HOLSTERED SIXGUNS... JUST *ROPES!* YET HE LAUGHED AT THE LAW, AND DEFIED THE GUN-TOTERS TO COME AND GET HIM! AND WHEN *VIGILANTE*, SPECTACULAR LAWMAN OF THE PURPLE SAGE, TOOK UP THE CHALLENGE, EVEN HE MET WITH A SURPRISE CLIMAX AS HE SOUGHT TO END...

"The Amazing Crimes of THE LARIAT!"



ONE MORNING, IN A COWTOWN OUT WEST...

SO THE PRICE ON *THE LARIAT* HAS GONE UP, EH?

NO WONDER! I SAW HIM IN ACTION OVER AT BRONCVILLE. HE HANDLES THEM ROPES OF HIS LIKE A MAGICIAN!

BULLETINS



REWARD \$10,000 WANTED: THE LARIAT

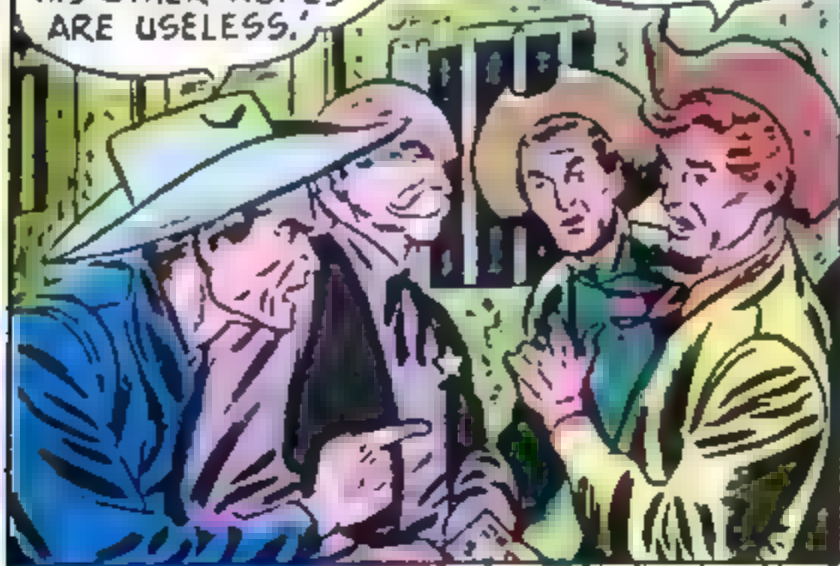
YEP, HE MAKES THEM ROPES ACT LIKE LIVIN' CRITTERS! CARRIES TWO ROPES AT HIS SIDES, AND A *THIRD* ONE OVER HIS SHOULDER! CALLS THE THIRD ONE HIS "*LAST CHANCE*" ROPE!

"LAST CHANCE" ROPE, EH? WHAT'S IT LIKE?



NOBODY KNOWS JUST **WHAT** THAT EMERGENCY ROPE IS LIKE! HE CLAIMS HE'LL USE IT ONLY AS A LAST RESORT, WHEN HE'S TRAPPED AND BOTH HIS OTHER ROPES ARE USELESS.

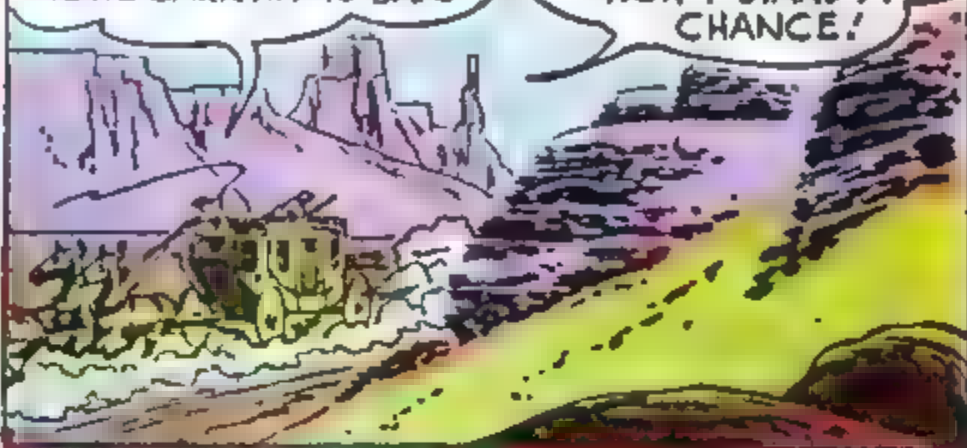
HUH--FROM THE SOUND O' THINGS, I'D SURE HATE TO BE AROUND WHEN HE DOES USE THAT "LAST CHANCE" ROPE!



MEANWHILE, NOT TOO FAR DISTANT, WHERE A COACH CLATTERS OVER OPEN TERRAIN...

GOOD IDEA, OUR STAYIN' IN THE OPEN LIKE THIS, AN' NOT GETTIN' NEAR BRUSH OR COVER! **THE LARIAT** WON'T BE ABLE TO SNEAK UP ON US NOW...THE PAYROLL WE'RE CARRYIN' IS SAFE!

RIGHT! WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE HIM COMIN' THIS TIME... AN' I CAN HIT A SQUIRREL SNACK IN THE EYE AT 100 YARDS! **THE LARIAT** WON'T STAND A CHANCE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, LURKING IN THE NEARBY WOODS--**THE LARIAT!**

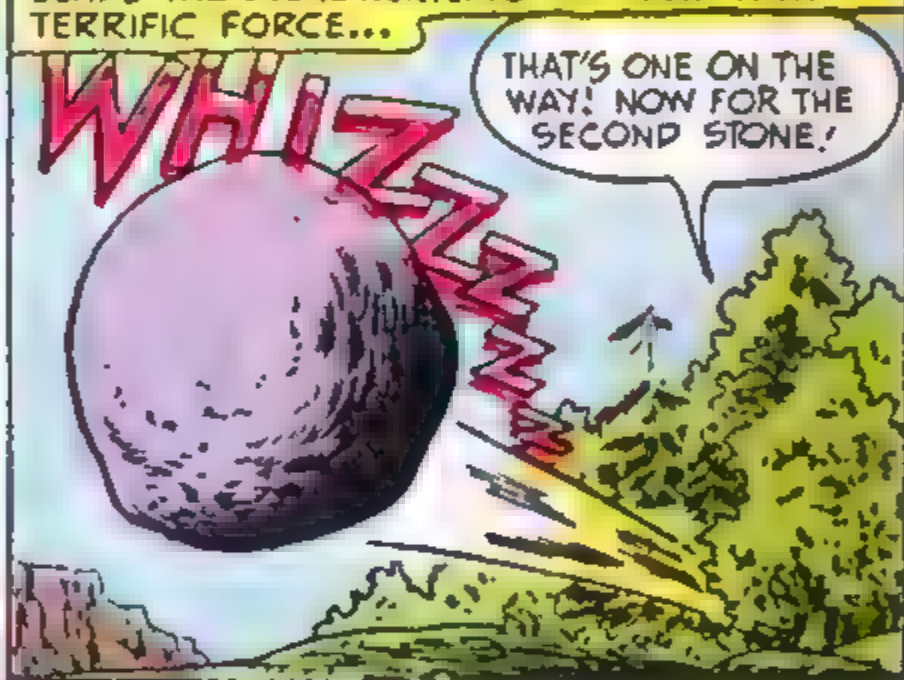
THEY'LL LEARN THAT I DON'T HAVE TO BE ANYWHERE **NEAR** THE COACH FOR MY ROPES TO COME INTO PLAY! I AM NOW READY... **FIRE ONE!**



THE TAUT ROPE, RELEASED LIKE A GIANT BOWSTRING, SENDS THE STONE HURLING OUTWARD WITH TERRIFIC FORCE...



THAT'S ONE ON THE WAY! NOW FOR THE SECOND STONE!

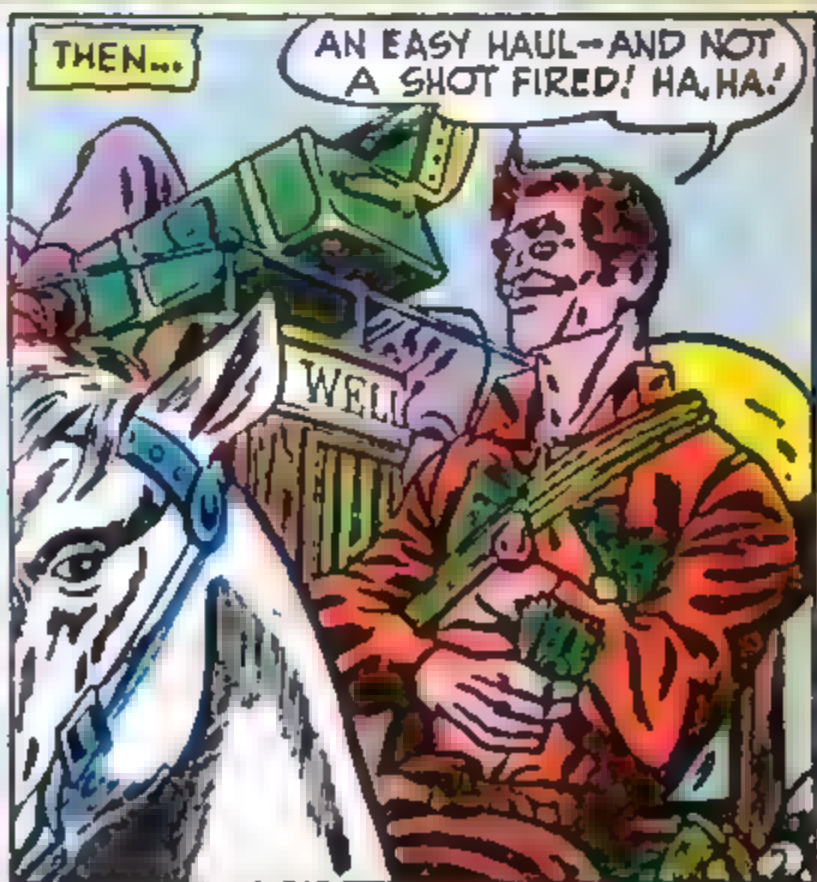


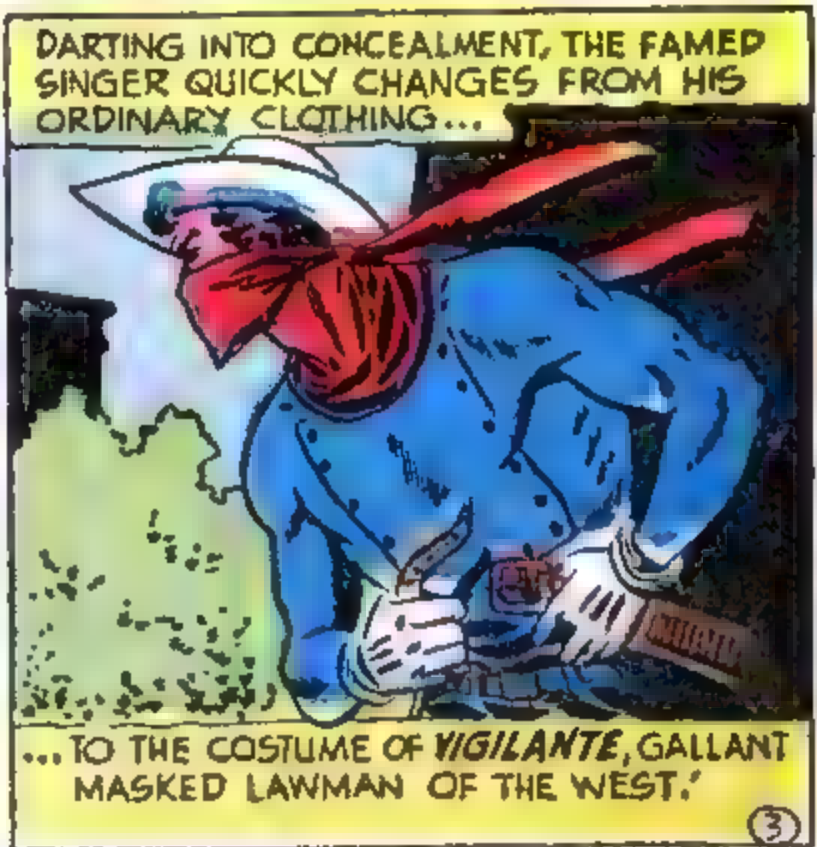
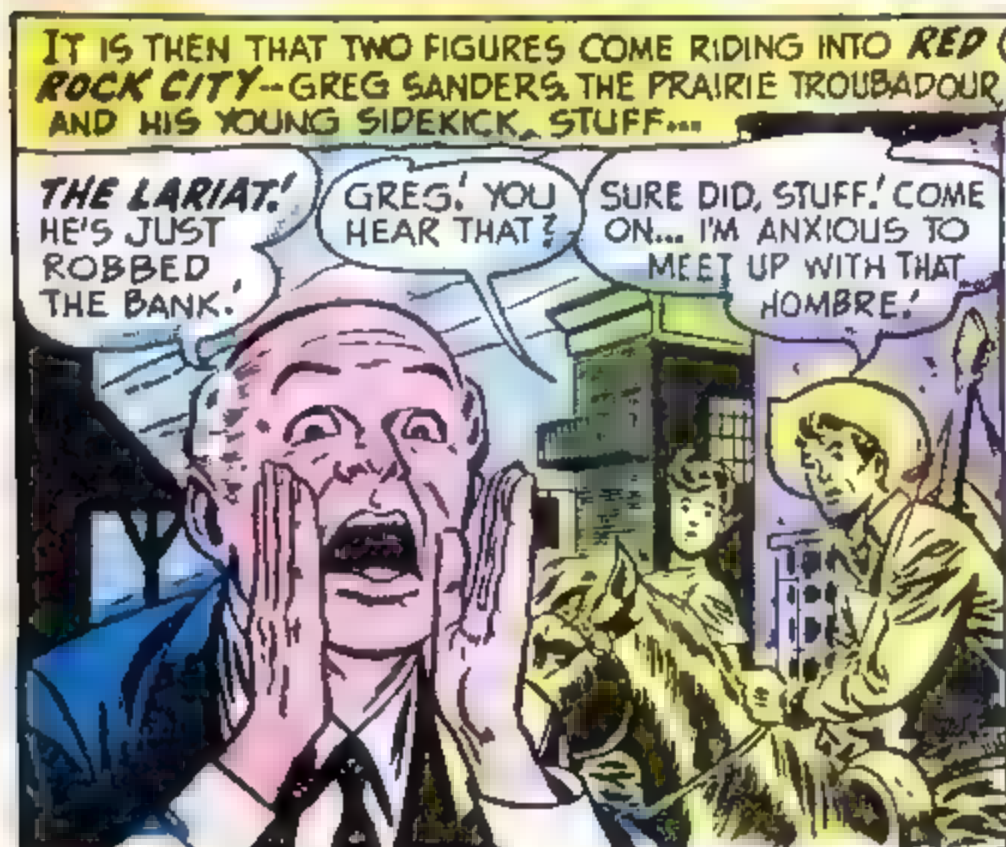
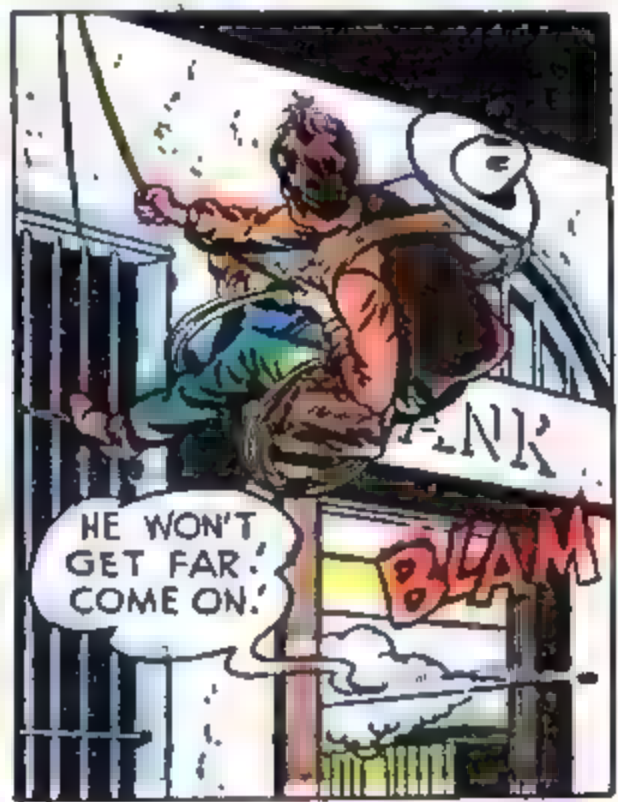
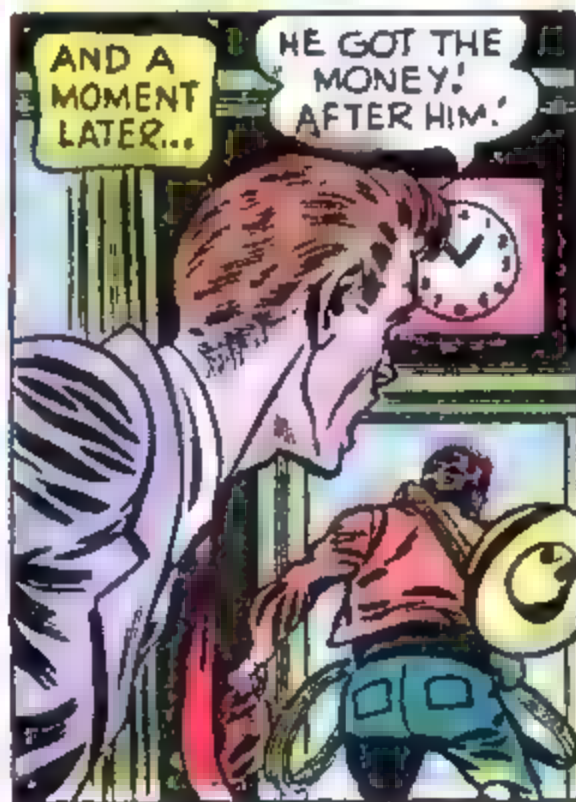
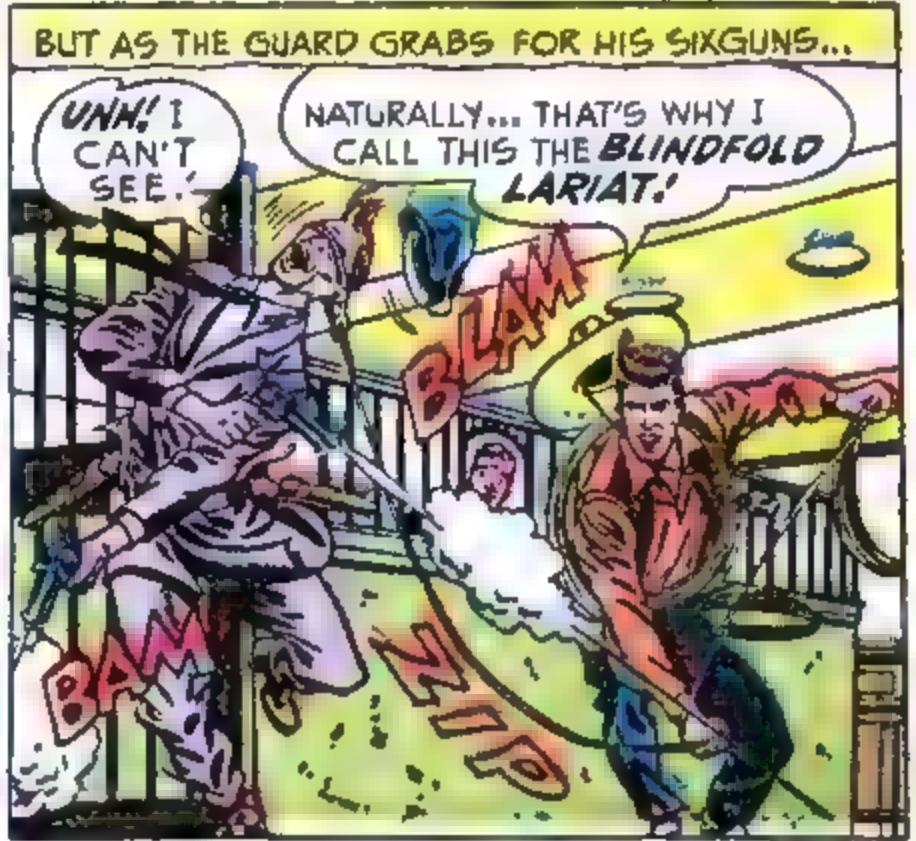
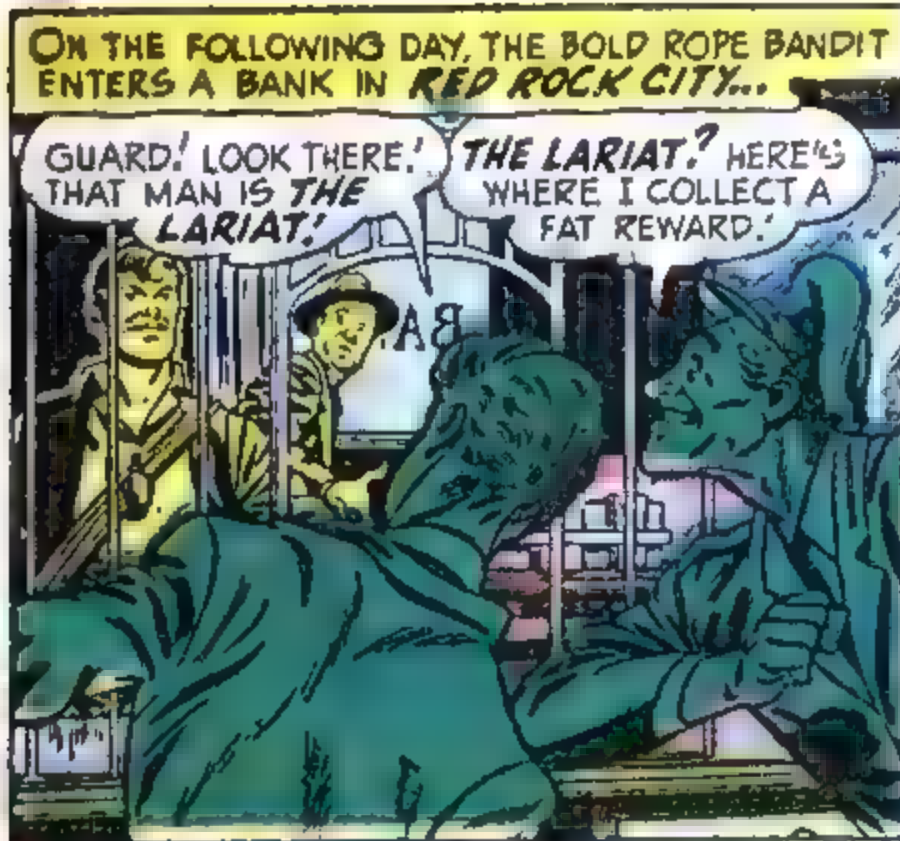
SPEEDING STRAIGHT TO THEIR MARKS, THE MISSILES STRIKE!

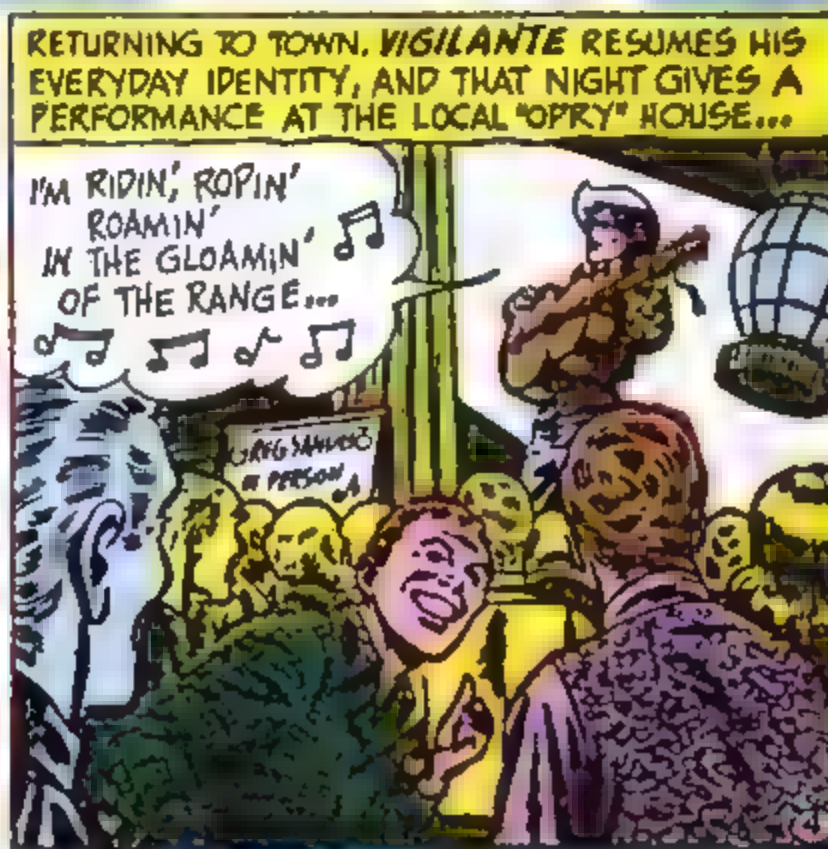
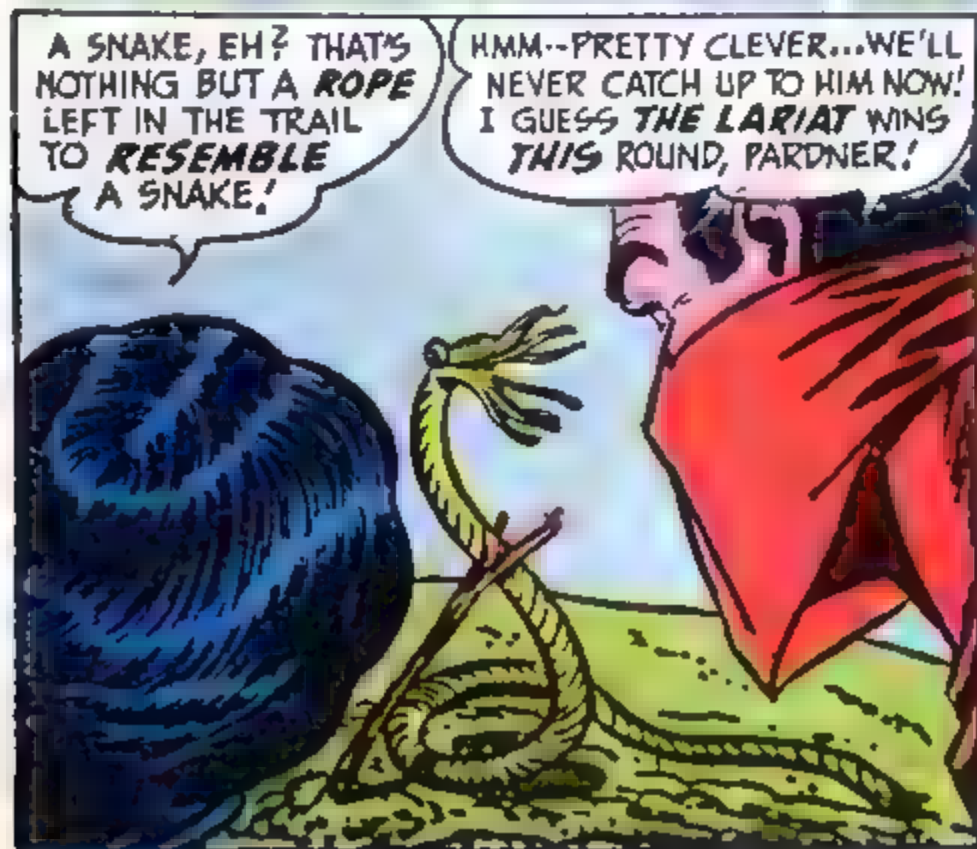
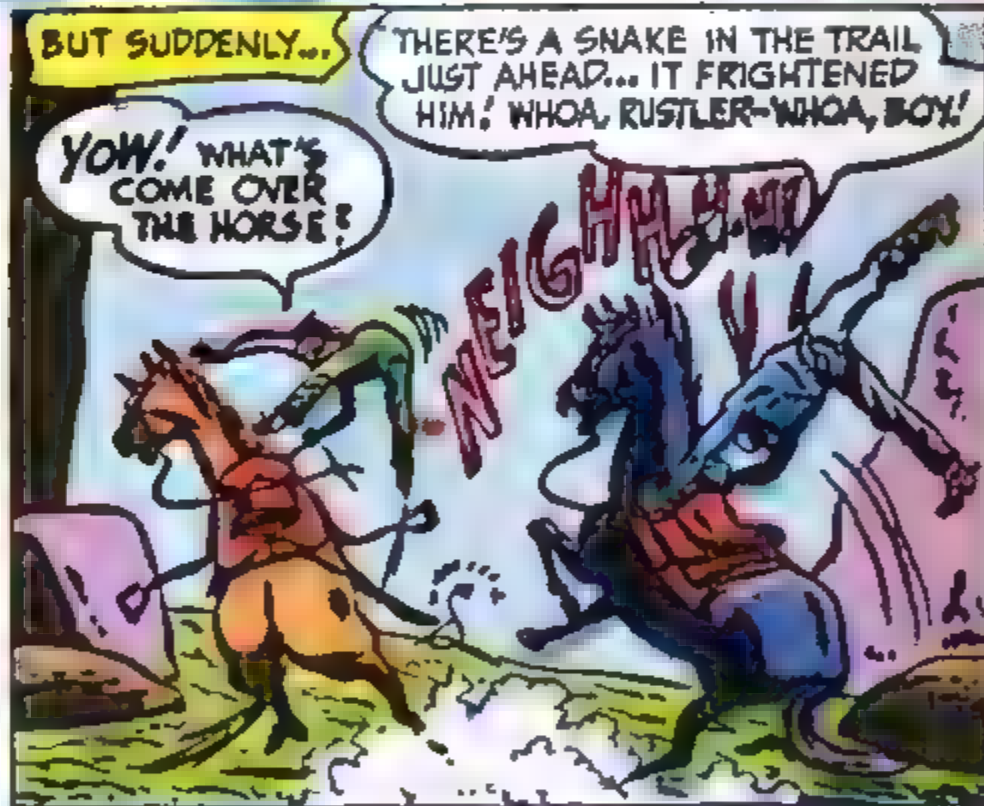
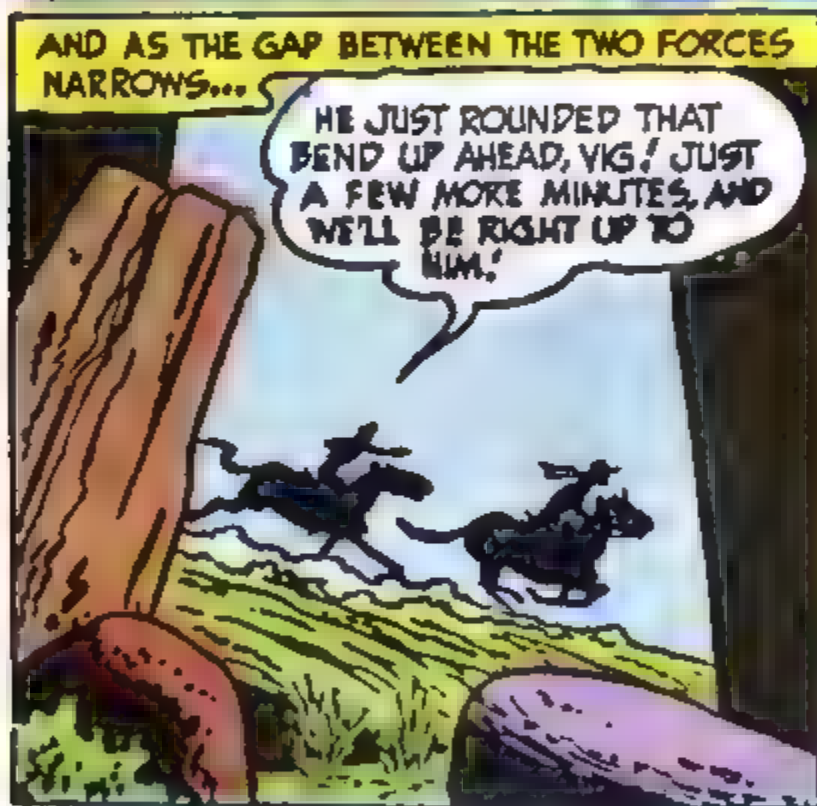
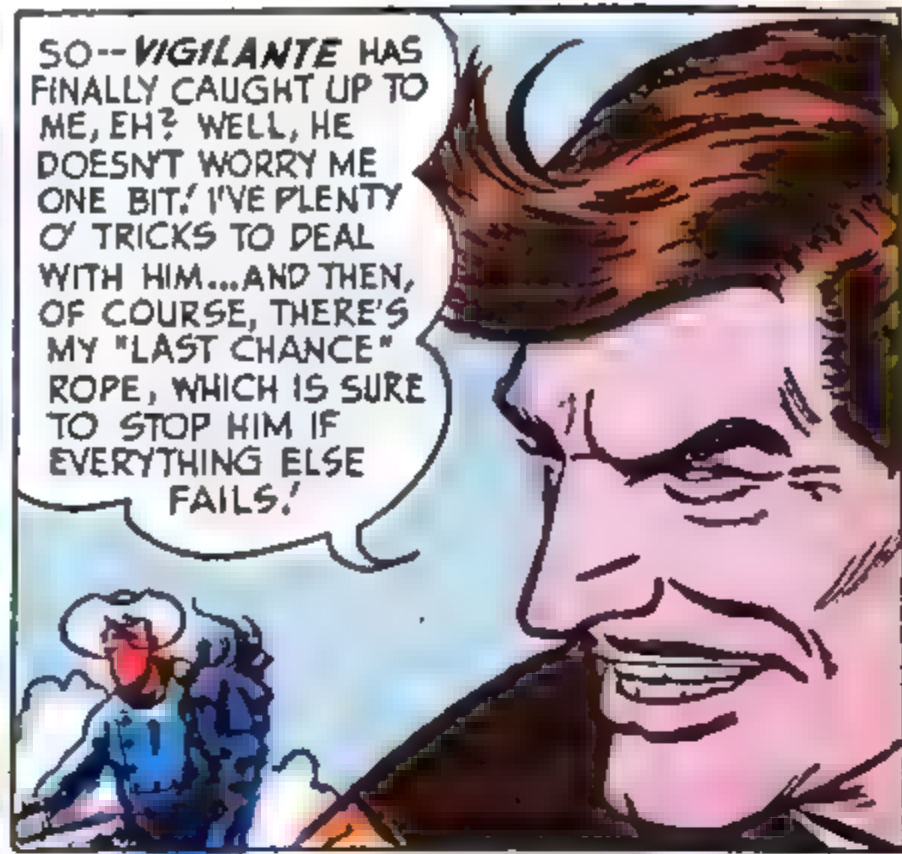


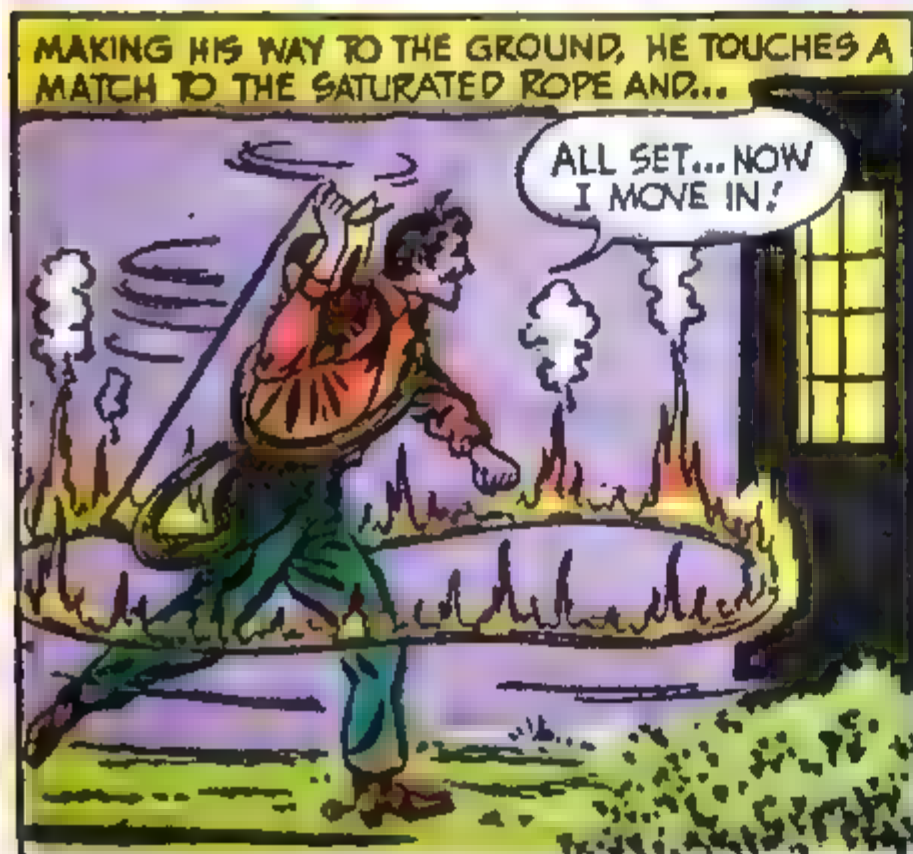
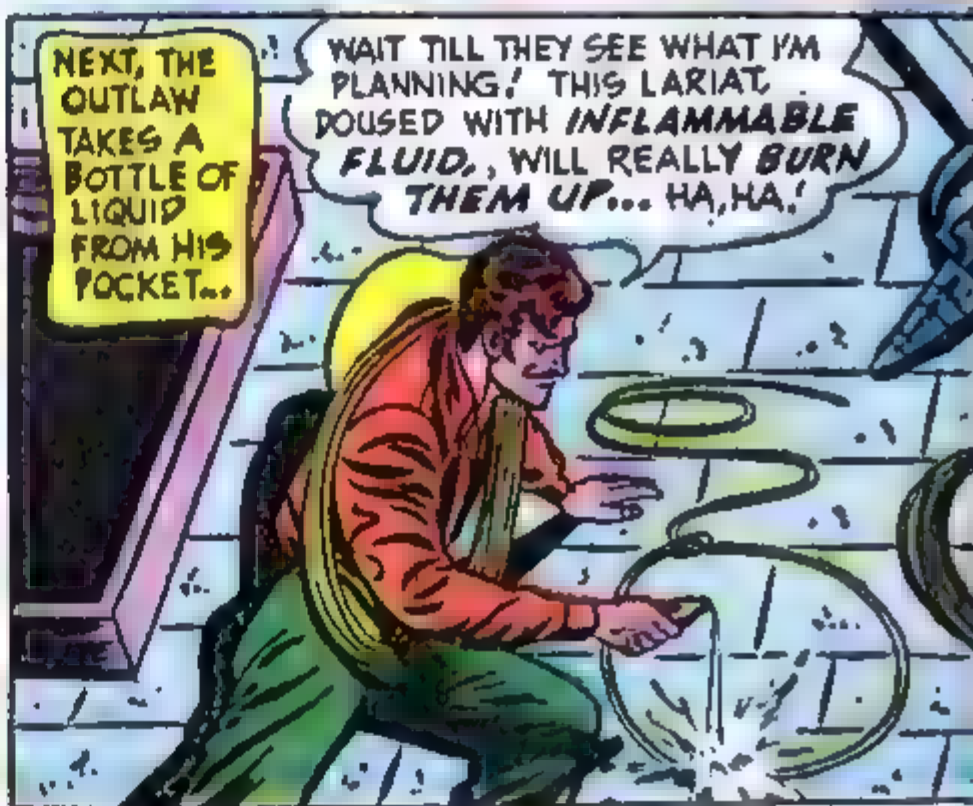
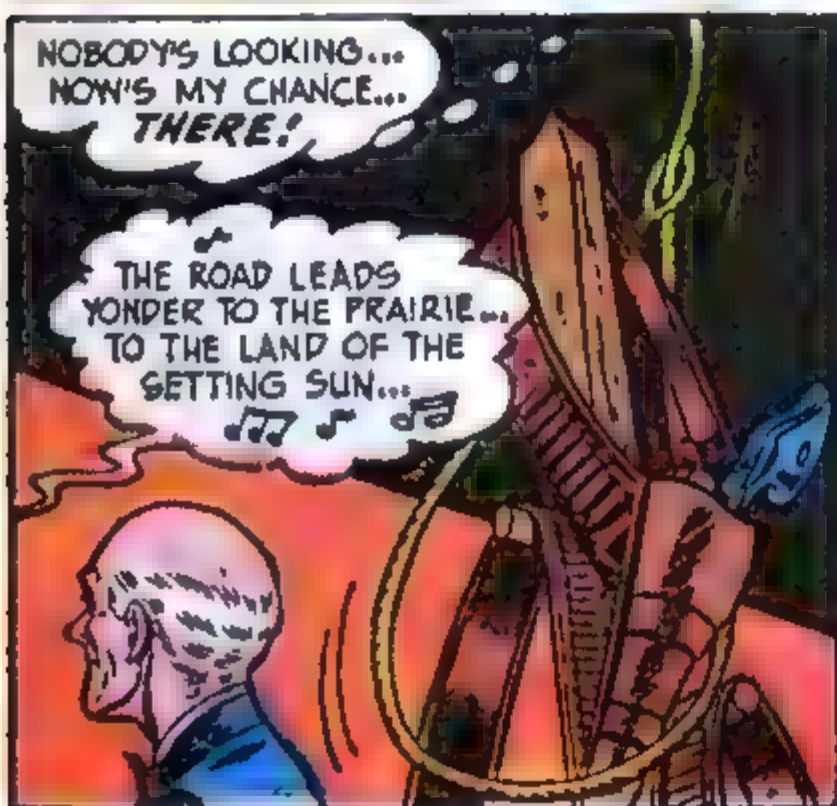
THEN...

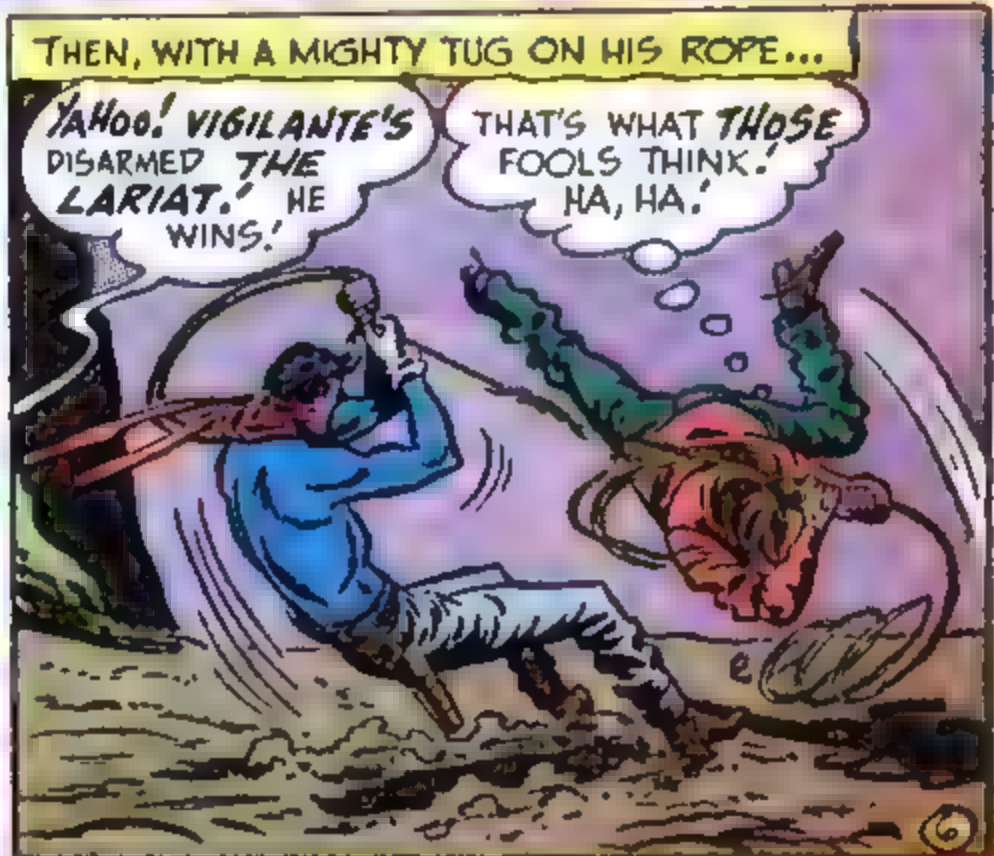
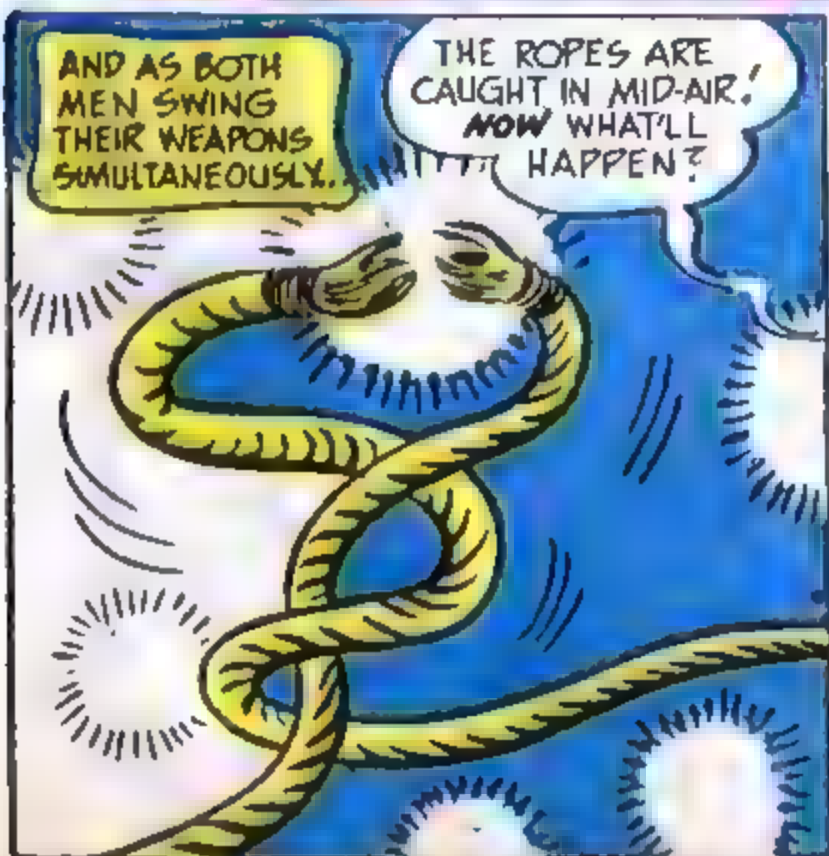
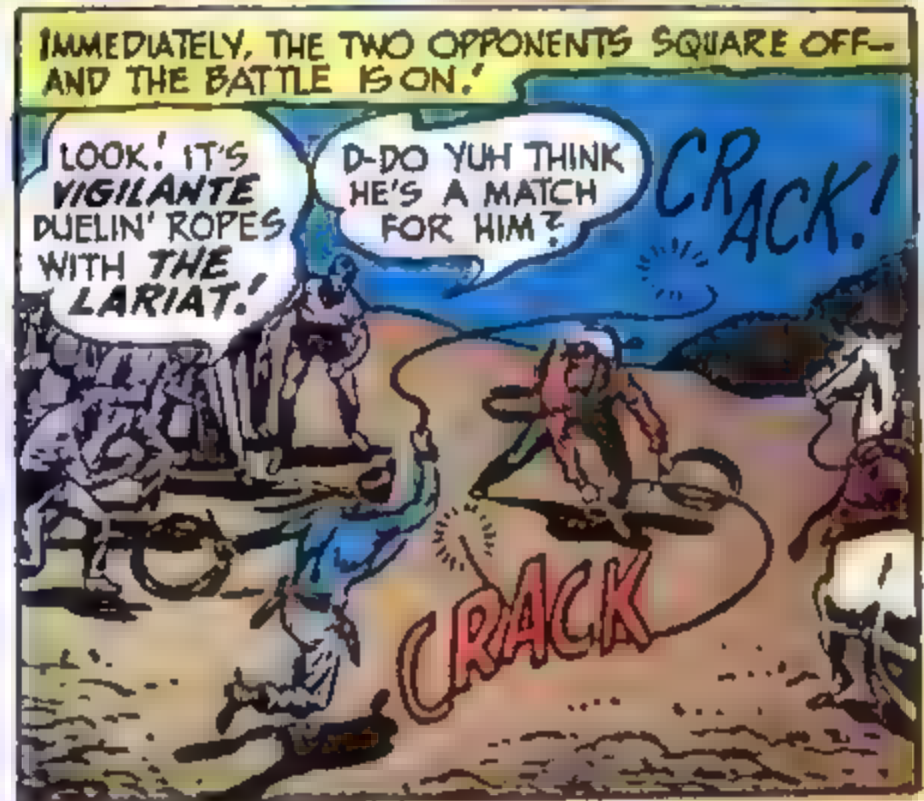
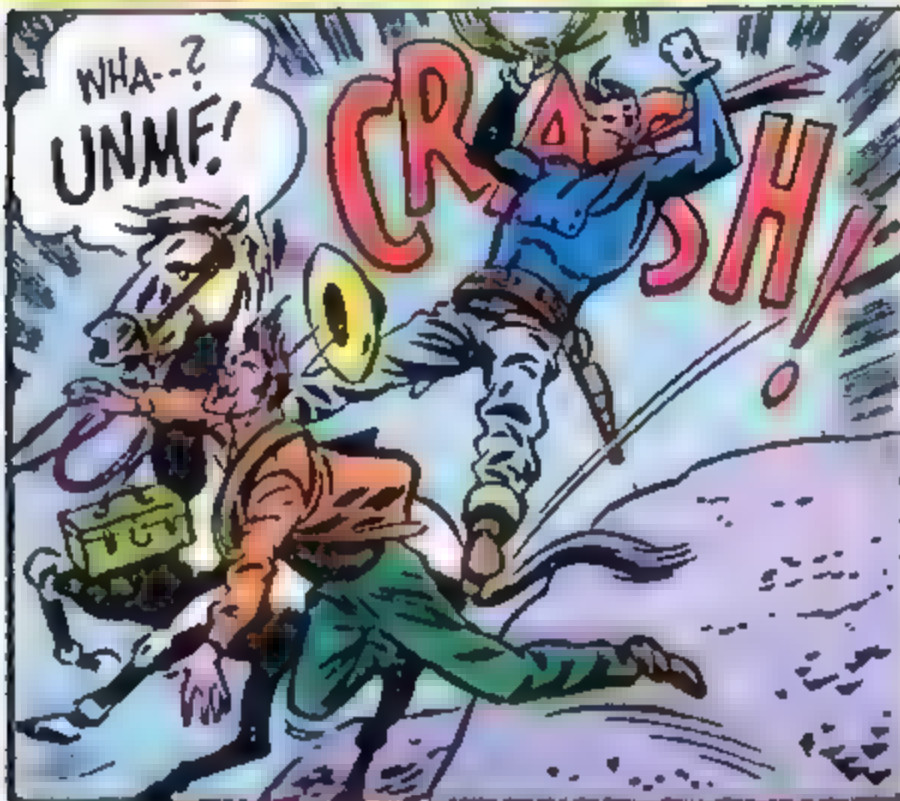
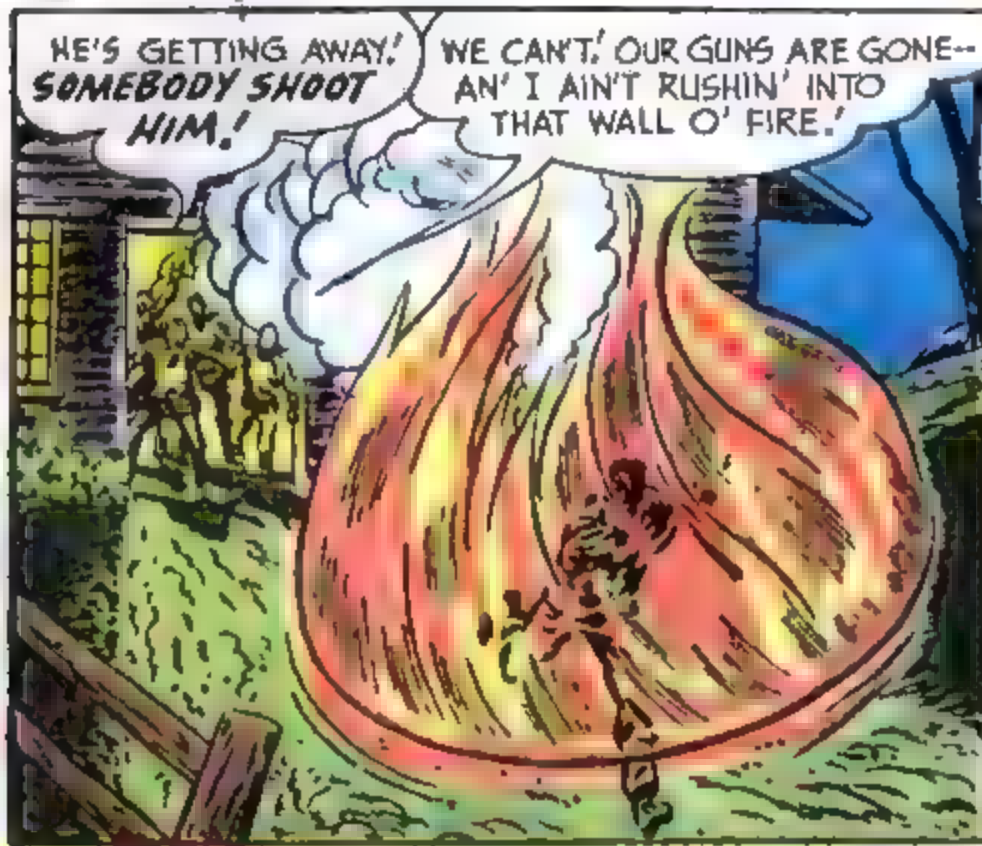
AN EASY HAUL--AND NOT A SHOT FIRED! HA, HA!

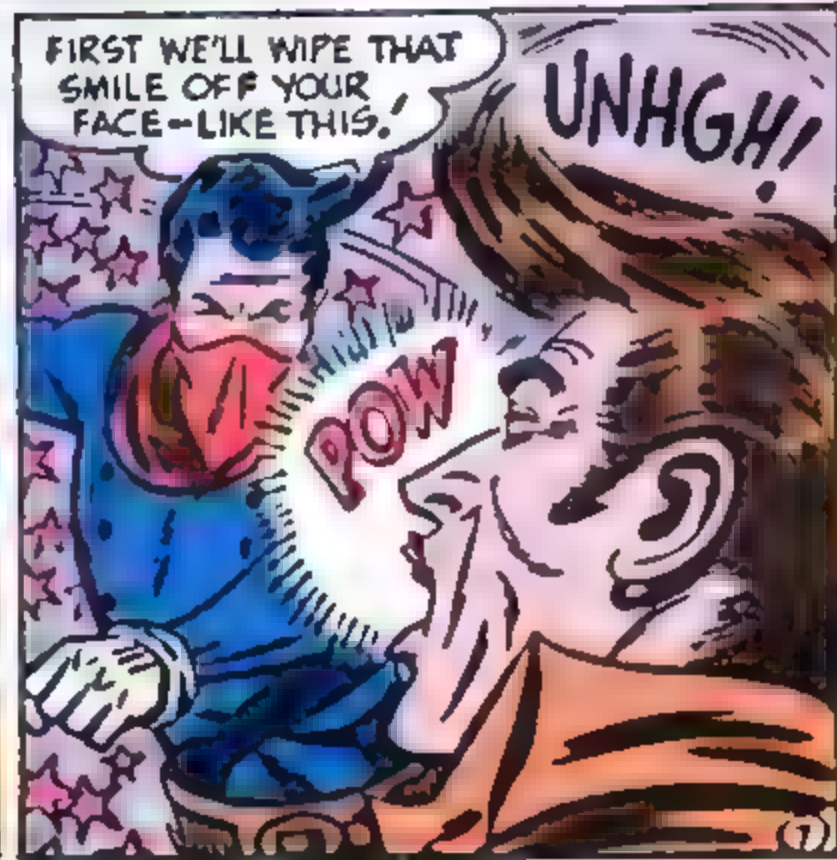
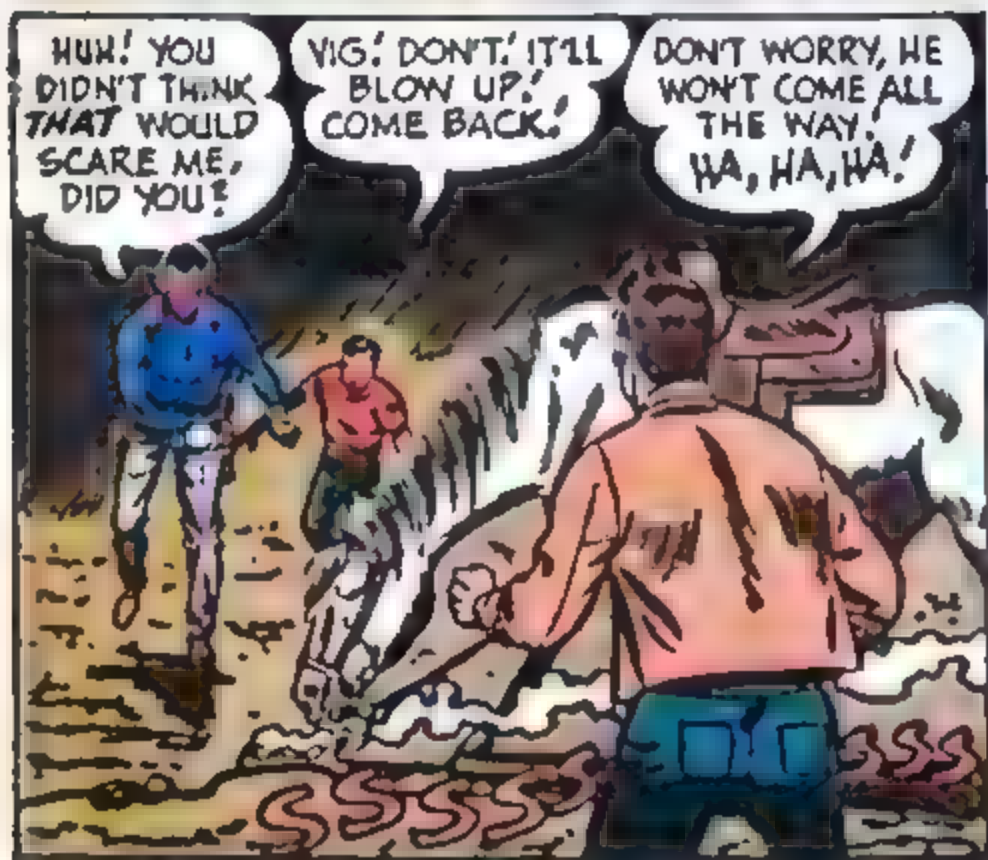
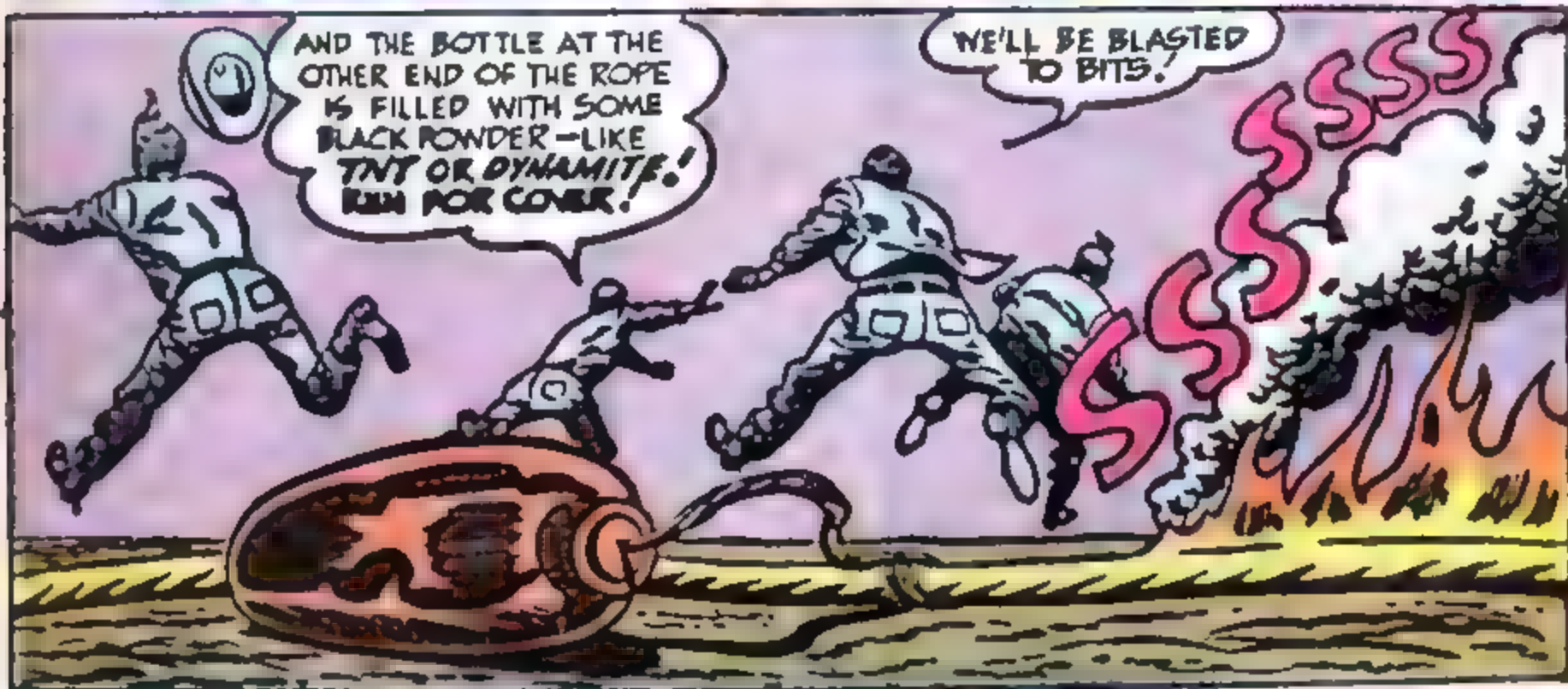
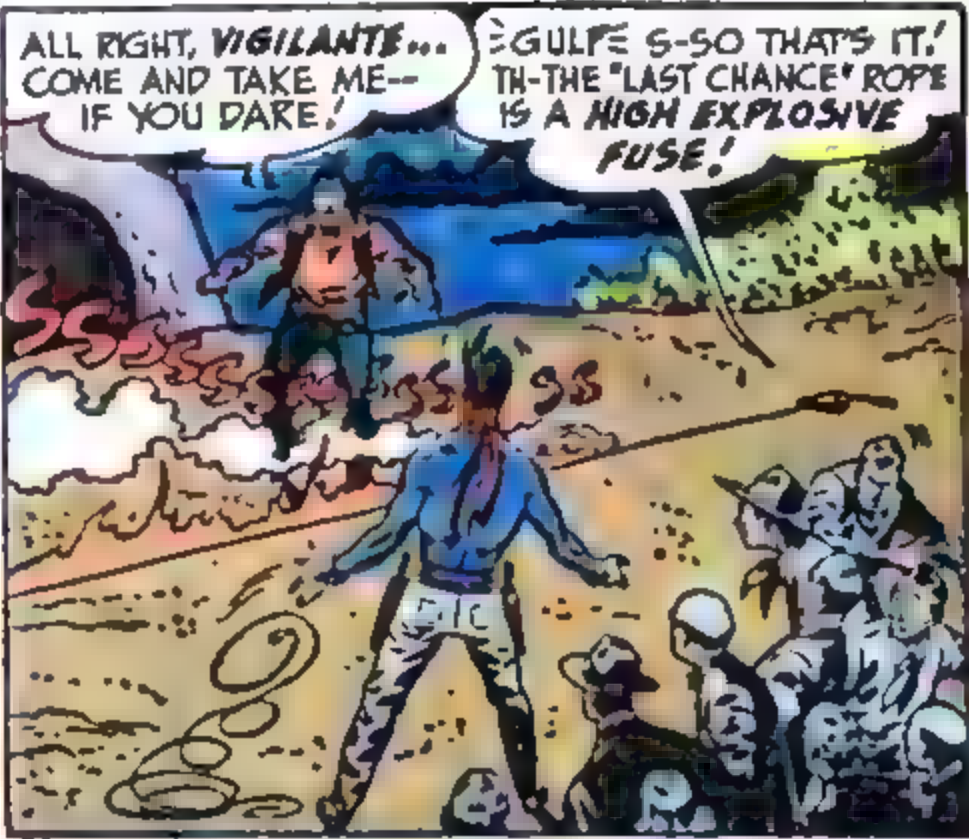
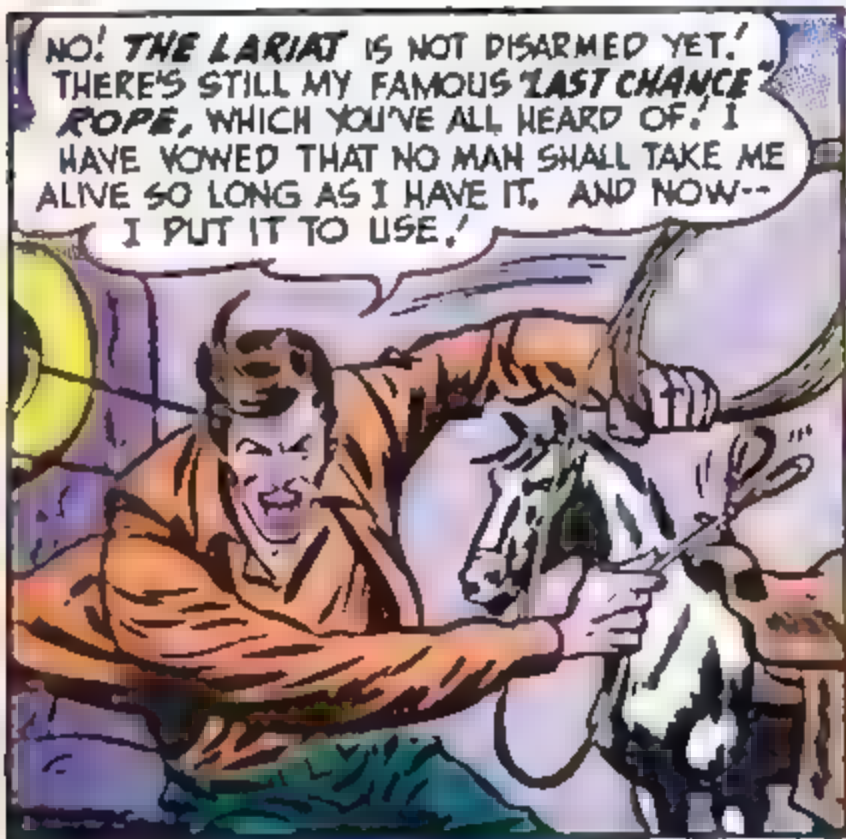


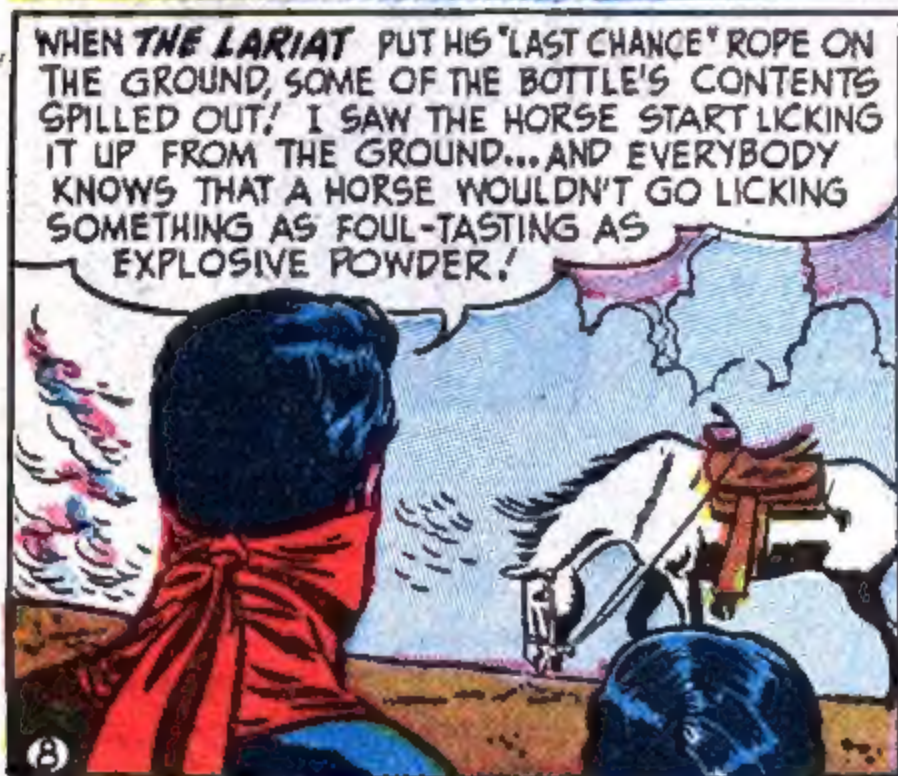
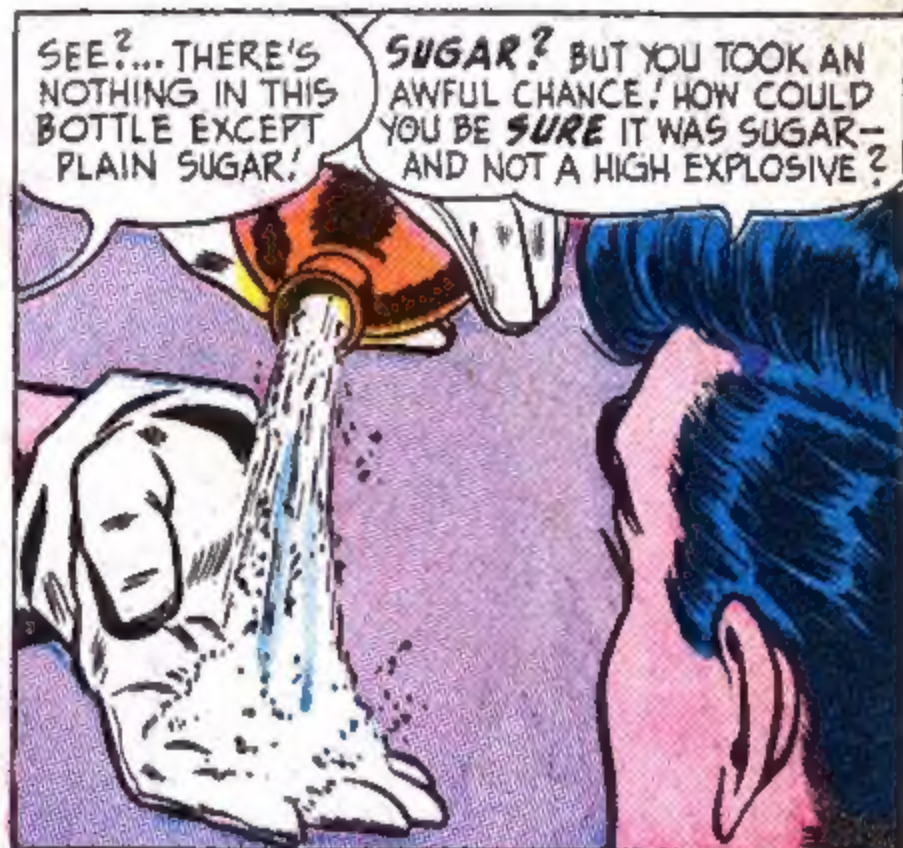












SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

GXGTA IKHV YJKEJ KU
IKXGP, GXGP VJQWIJ
KVOCA DG UOCNN, KU
TGC NNA ITGCV—KH KV
KU IKXGP YKVJ CHHGE-
VKQP.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

THE
END

3 Feet HIGH! ALL LIVE RUBBER* GIANT BEACH BALL

**GUARANTEED 100%
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Toss it here! That's what **EVERYONE** says when they see this wonder of a beach ball! Giant multi-color beach ball is a swell companion at resort, camp or playground!

One-piece seamless construction resists hard use. Patented blow up feature means it just can't leak. Easy to inflate by mouth or pump.

Float on it! Punch it around! Kick it around! Don't worry; you can't break it! This giant beach ball is guaranteed against breakage under **ANY** conditions at **ANY** time! If it breaks **YOU** get a **NEW ONE FREE!**

We pay postage. Rush just \$1 cash, check, or money order **NOW!**



POSTPAID

**ACTUAL
PHOTO**



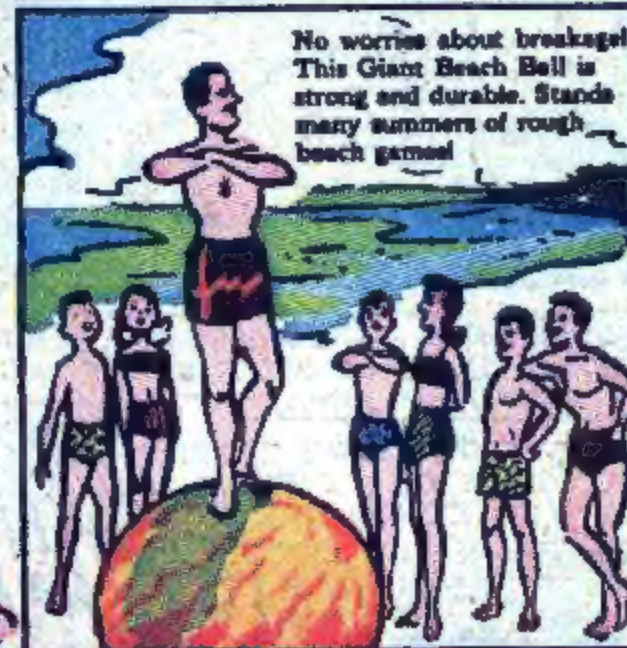
Float for hours with the Giant Beach Ball. Great for waterball, and all water sports.



Be the most popular guy in your crowd with this Giant Beach Ball.



Give your pal the Giant Beach Ball. Costs so little, so much fun!



No worries about breakage! This Giant Beach Ball is strong and durable. Stands many summers of rough beach games!



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**RUSH THIS
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OK! Here's my \$1.00 in cash, check or money order, and send me **POSTPAID** a **GIANT** all-rubber **BEACH BALL**. You replace without charge if it breaks under **ANY** condition.

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See These Daisys At Your Store Now! Ask Dad To "Please" Buy You A Daisy!

You can help get that beautiful Daisy! First, mail coupon for new 40-page Daisy Booklet. Second, tear off this page—give to Dad—ask him to please read it. Third, tell him you want to join—or start—a junior air rifle club so you can learn safe, proper shooting. Daisy's new booklet shows any junior, adult or organization exactly how to start a club or to add air rifle shooting to any group's junior program. Hurry—send coupon—tear out ad and show it to Dad after supper tonight!



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RED RYDER CARBINE**
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Spring-type air rifle club shooting—under adult supervision—needs no expensive "firearms" range—no costly backstops—no expensive "ammunition." The official club shooting distance of 15 feet means any 20 foot space—indoors or out—will do. Large grocery corrugated cartons (stuffed with wadded papers) provide adequate backstops. 168 air rifle BBs cost only about 5c! Send now for club booklet...it will fascinate you!



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Complete, proven "how to do it" program. Also detailed forms on by-laws, membership application blank, parent's information sheet, member's cards, safe shooting instructions, targets, Marksmanship Awards, etc.
- 2. THE AMAZING DAISY AIR RIFLE STORY**
How it works—why it is safest of its kind!
- 3. LATEST DAISY AIR RIFLES CATALOG**
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DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT *approved* FOR USE IN
DAISY
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Daisy Manufacturing Company, Dept. A163, Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.



Mail
Coupon
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Dept. A163, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

I enclose one nickel (5c in coin) to help cover postage-handling cost. Send 40-Page DAISY BOOKLET post-paid!

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